

HIT COMICS

NOVEMBER
No.55

10¢



STILL 52 PAGES

Kid **ETERNITY**

VERSUS

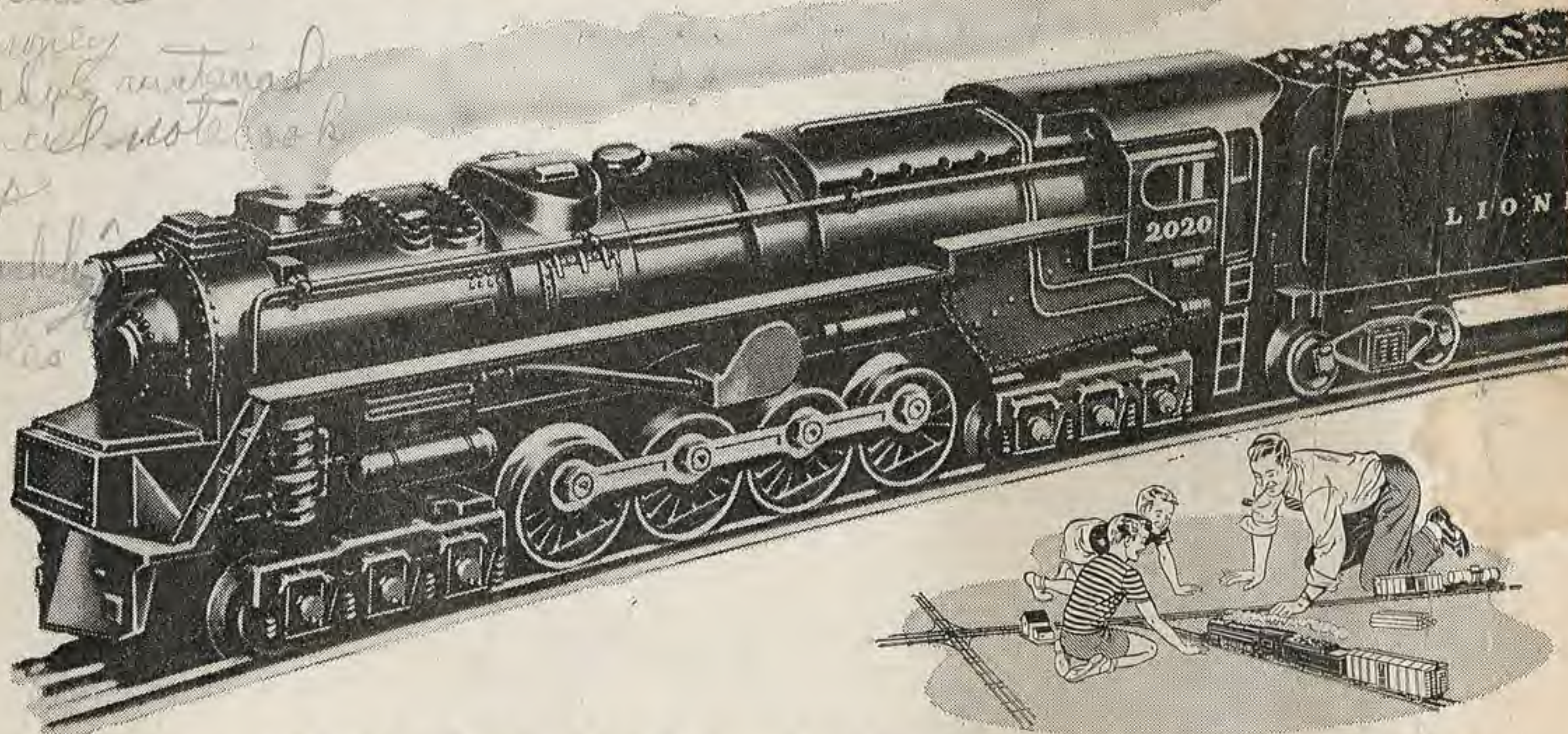
The **BRUTE,**

BRAINS
AGAINST
BRAWN!



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LIONEL TRAINS

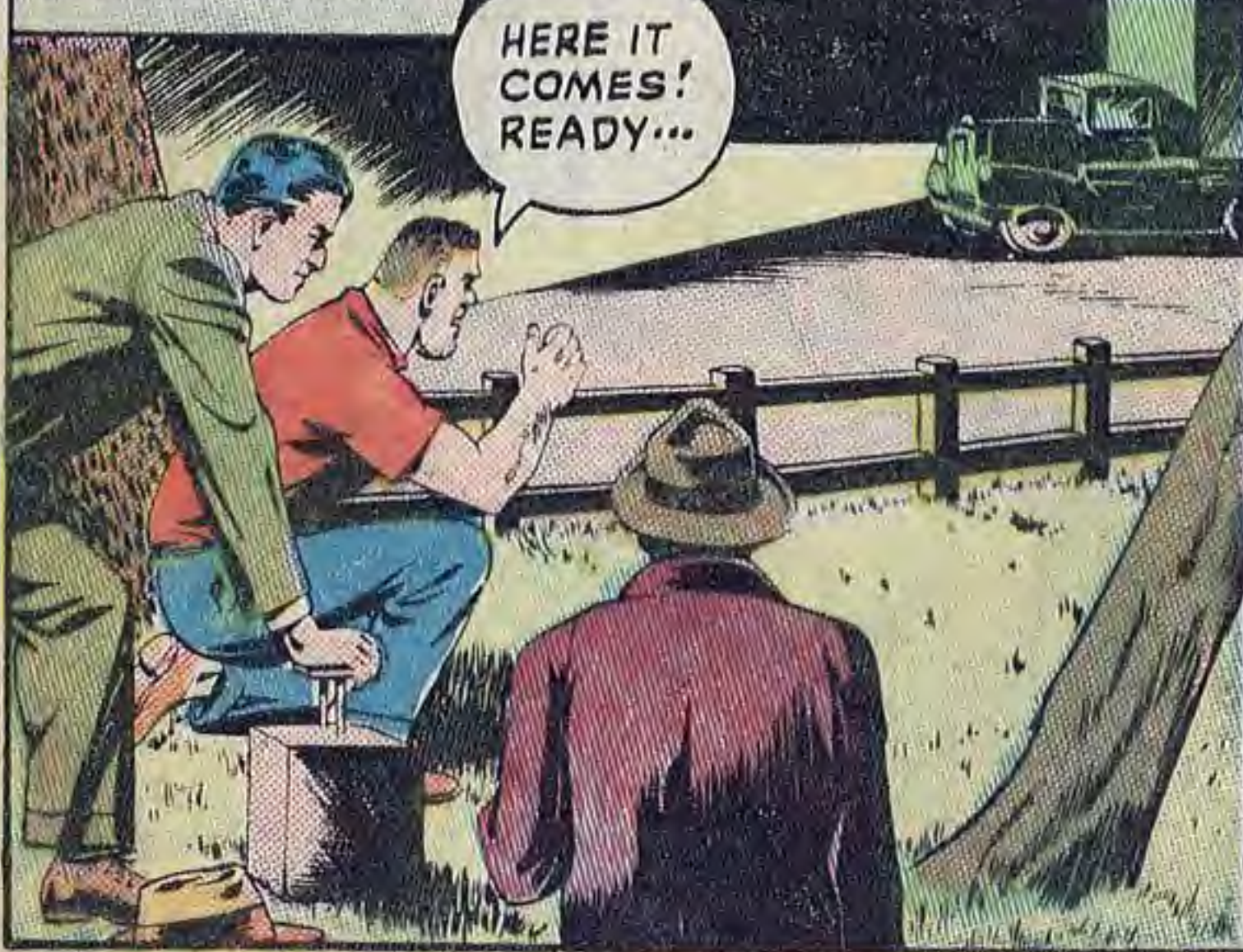
HIT COMICS, November, 1948, No. 55. Published bi-monthly by Comic Magazines, 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, 578 Summer St., Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager. George E. Brenner, Editor. Entered as second-class matter March 22, 1940, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. E. S. Murthey, Advertising Representative. F. E. M. Cole & Co., 605 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., Western Representative. Copyright 1948 by Comic Magazines. Printed in U. S. A.

Kid Eternity

There is a mistake somewhere in Eternity, for a man is listed as dying twice, at two widely separated dates! And before **KID ETERNITY** and **MR. KEEPER** are through investigating the error, they meet one of gangdom's powerful chieftains, **The BRUTE**, in a thrilling contest where a man's life hangs in the balance!



Near the main highway, several miles out of town...



THESE GUYS ARE DEAD, BRUTE!

SO WHAT? THE CASES OF ALCOHOL AREN'T BROKEN! START UNLOADING, AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!



Now let us meet Vincent Rogers, a young pharmacist who has been on his first job less than a week...

BEEN WAITING LONG, ELLEN?

JUST A FEW MINUTES! HOW DO YOU LIKE WORKING FOR THE ALL BEST DRUGSTORES?



IT'S A SNAP! I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY DO IT, BUT THERE ARE NO SHORTAGES HERE!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



TAKE ALCOHOL, FOR EXAMPLE! EVERY DRUGGIST I KNOW CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF IT TO USE IN MAKING PRESCRIPTIONS! BUT THE ALL BEST STORES HAVE MORE THAN THEY NEED...



AT THAT RATE, IT'S A WONDER THEY DON'T DRIVE OTHER DRUGSTORES OUT OF BUSINESS!

THEY PROBABLY WILL, UNLESS... HMM! THIS IS FUNNY!







By saying his magic word, Kid Eternity becomes visible ...

LEAVE HIM ALONE!
HAH! A FRESH BRAT'S TRYING TO GET IN THE ACT, TOO!



DON'T YOU MAKE ME MAD!
OR YOU'LL GET HURT WORSE THAN THE FIRST GUY!

OH!!



I KNOW SOMEONE HE WON'T HURT SO EASILY!

ETERNITY!



JOE GRIMM, THE HUMAN PUNCHING BAG? NO ONE WAS EVER ABLE TO KNOCK YOU OUT!

THEY ALL TRIED, KID, EVEN THE GREAT FITZSIMMONS! BUT I'M HARD AS A ROCK!

WHRAMM!



I COULD PUNCH PRETTY WELL, TOO!

WHA...?

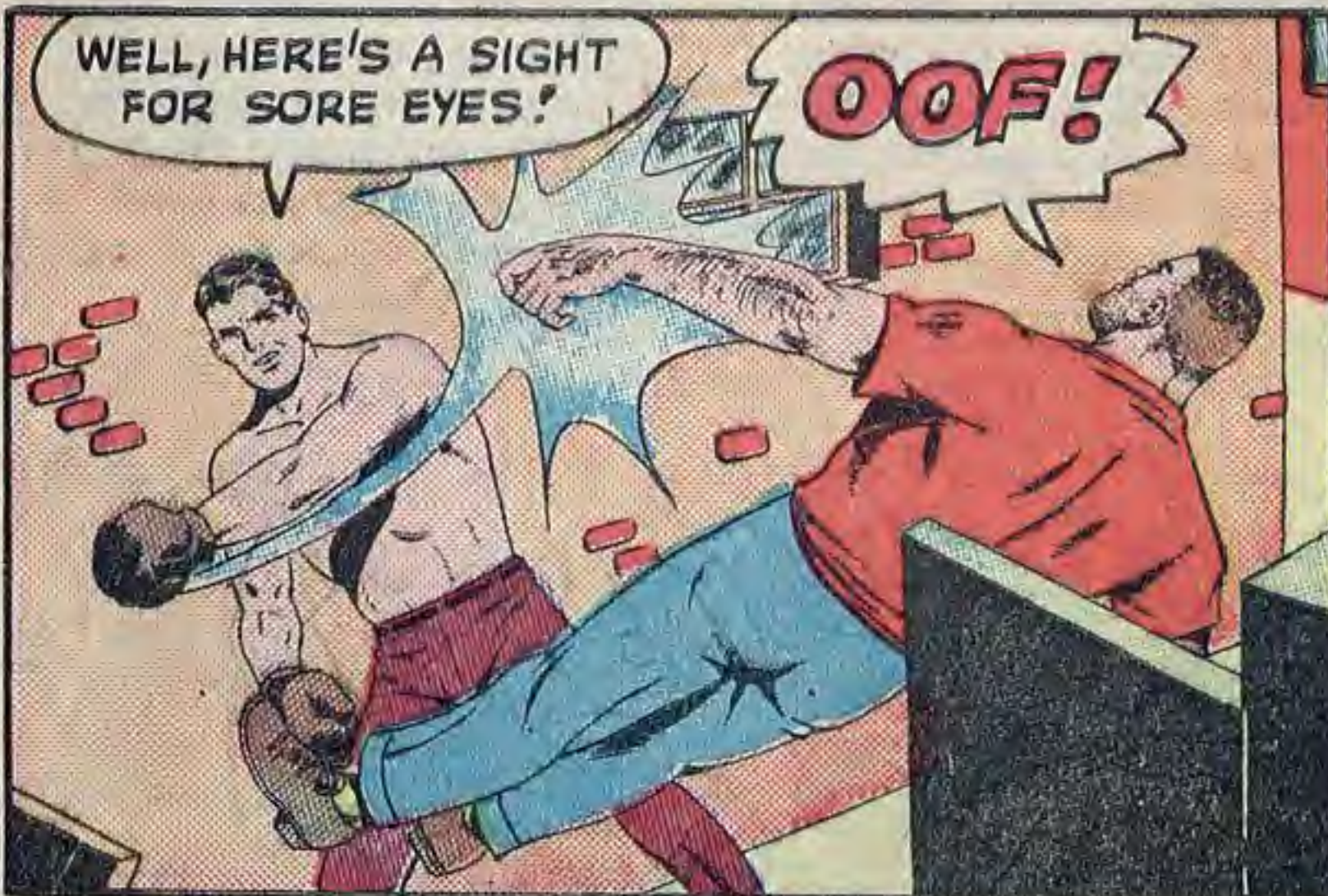


I NEVER SAW SO MANY CRAZY CHARACTERS! BUT I'LL FIX YOU LIKE THE OTHERS!

CAN'T YOU DO ANY BETTER?

BLAM!

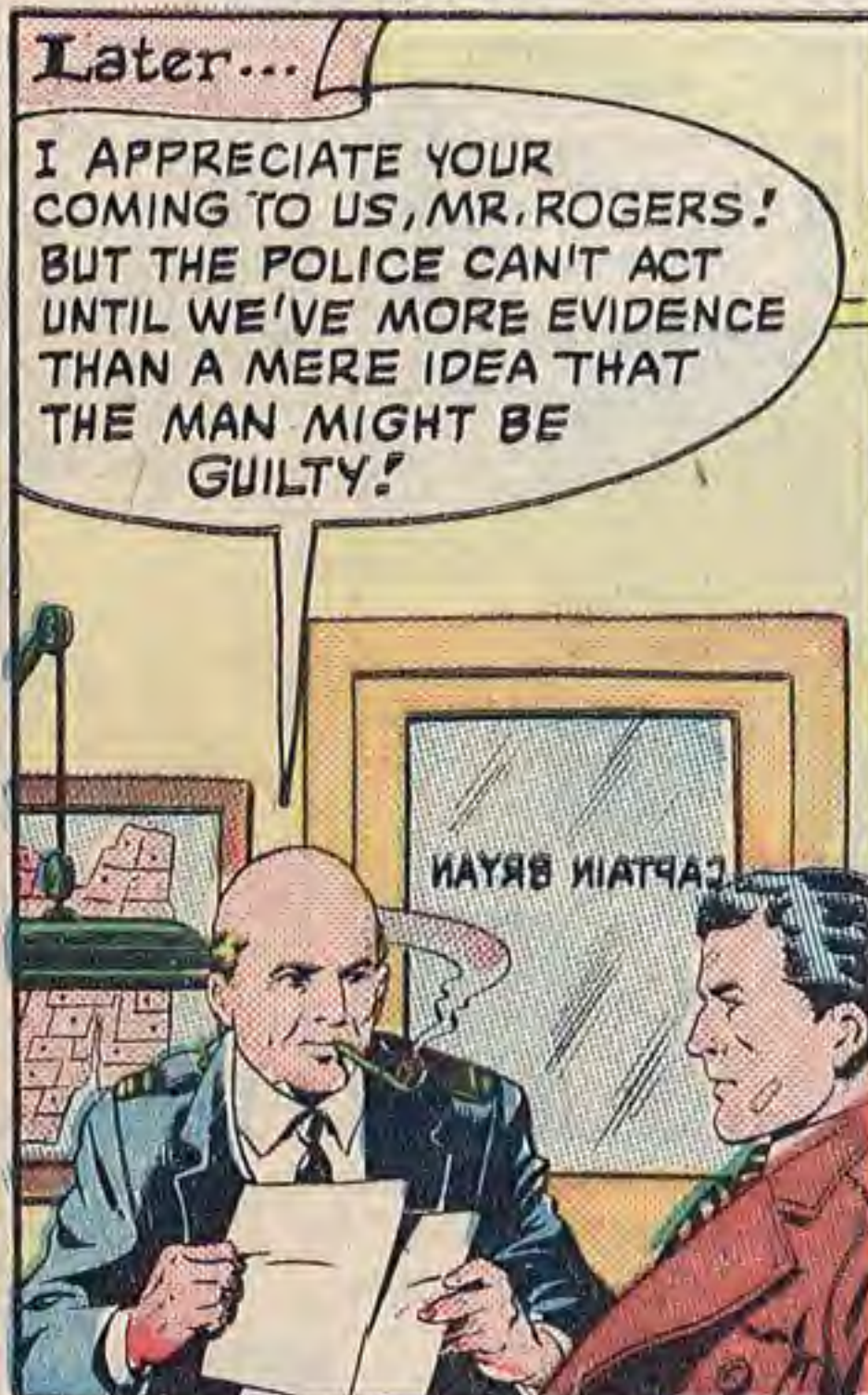






HMM! I CAN SEE WHY SUCH A RASH YOUNG FELLOW IS SCHEDULED TO DIE LONG BEFORE HIS TIME!

WE'D BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON HIM!



Later...

I APPRECIATE YOUR COMING TO US, MR. ROGERS! BUT THE POLICE CAN'T ACT UNTIL WE'VE MORE EVIDENCE THAN A MERE IDEA THAT THE MAN MIGHT BE GUILTY!



THE ALL BEST DRUGSTORES HAVE A SPOTLESS REPUTATION! THE OWNER COULD SUE US FOR FALSE ARREST, AND FOR INJURING THE GOOD NAME OF HIS BUSINESS!



THEN YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DO ANYTHING?

I'VE A PLAN THAT WILL HELP US GET THE EVIDENCE! BUT I'LL NEED YOUR COOPERATION! HERE'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO...



Meanwhile...

YEAH...WE DELIVERED THE STUFF! BUT THERE WAS A LITTLE MIX-UP WITH ONE OF THE PHARMACY CLERKS! HE GOT AWFULLY NOSY!



WHAT'S THAT? YOU WANT ME TO REPACK THE STUFF AND GET IT OUTTA THERE? OKAY... BUT IF YOU ASK ME, YOU'RE GETTING NERVOUS OVER NOTHING AT ALL!



And, back at the store...

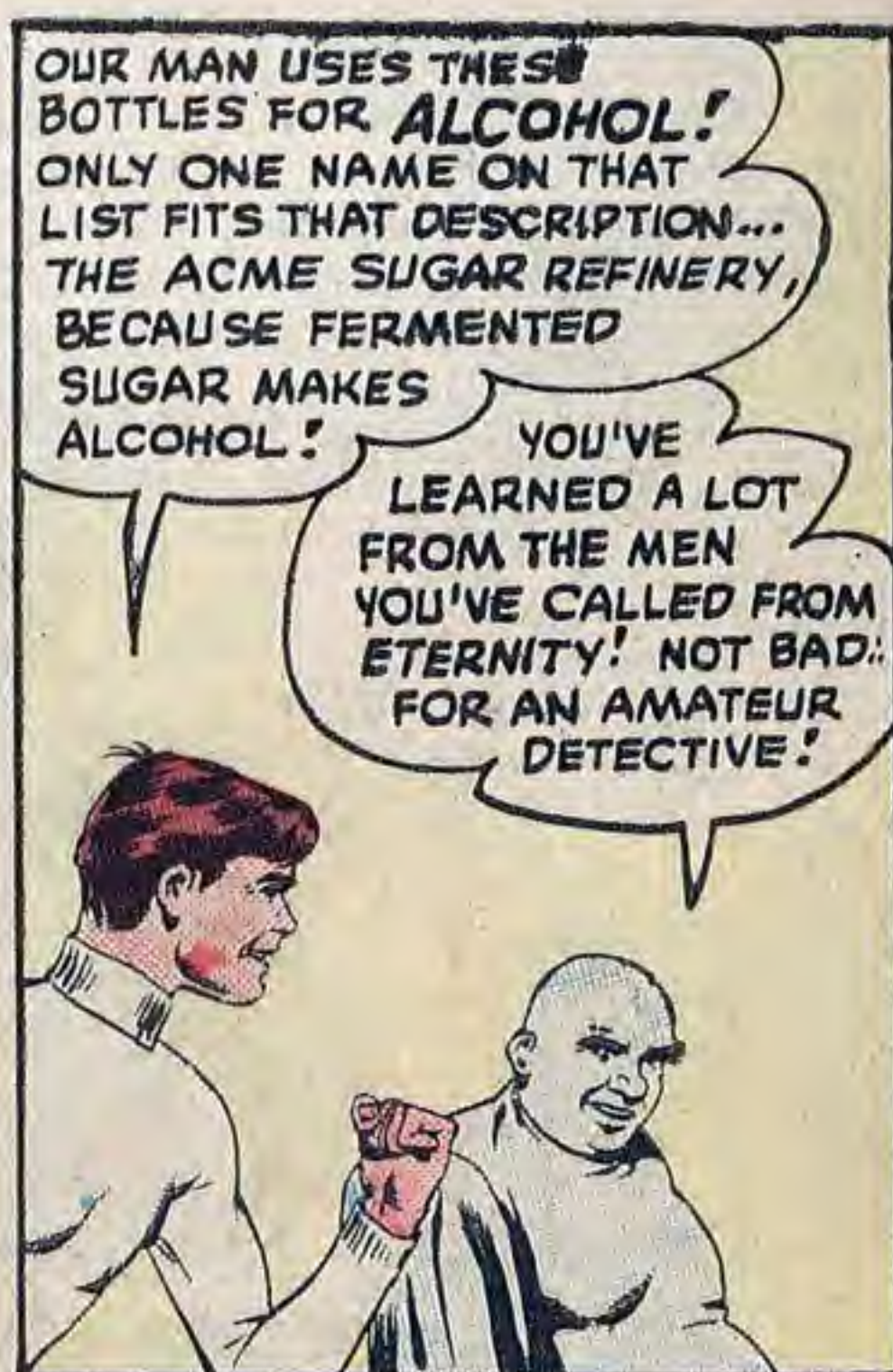
WHAT'S ROGERS DOING IN THERE NOW?

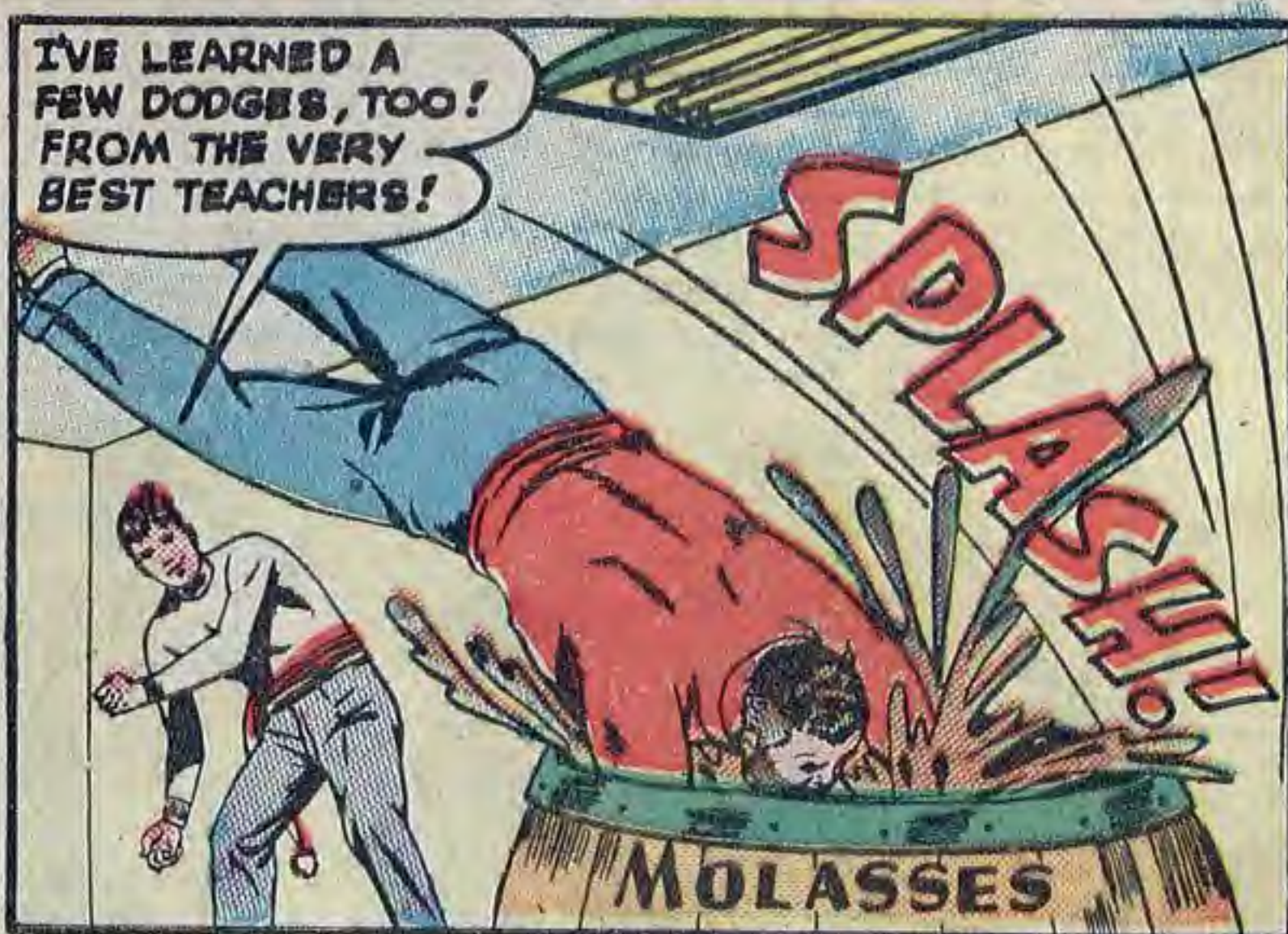
EXAMINING THE CRATES THAT WERE DELIVERED! HE'S CHECKING THE LABELS ON THE BOTTLES!

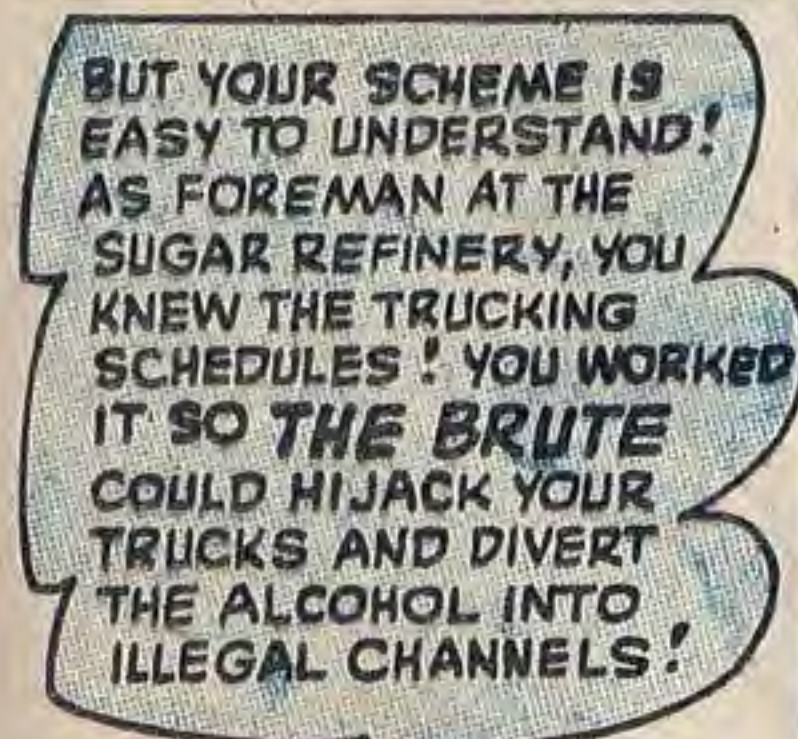
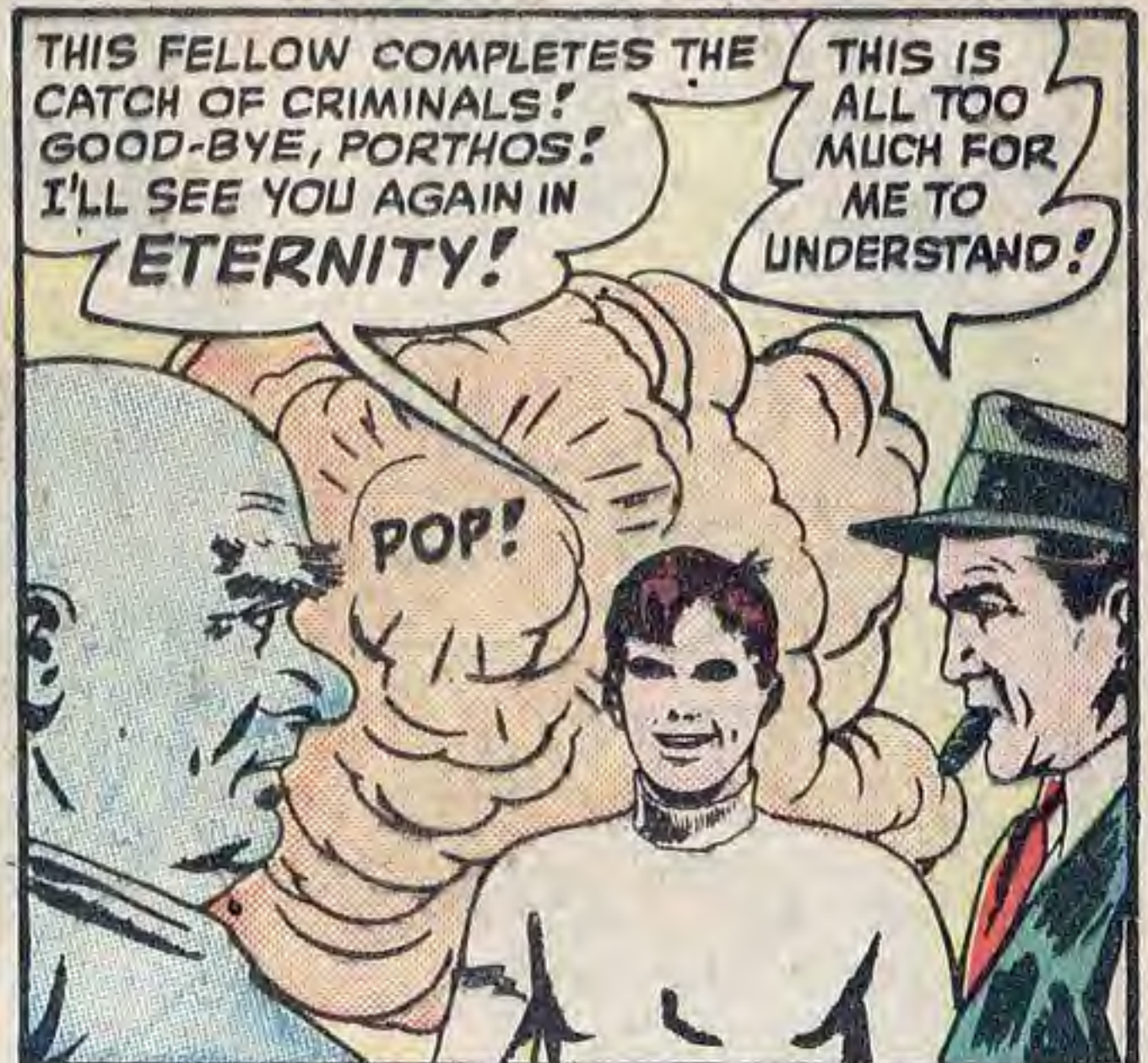












HER HIGHNESS

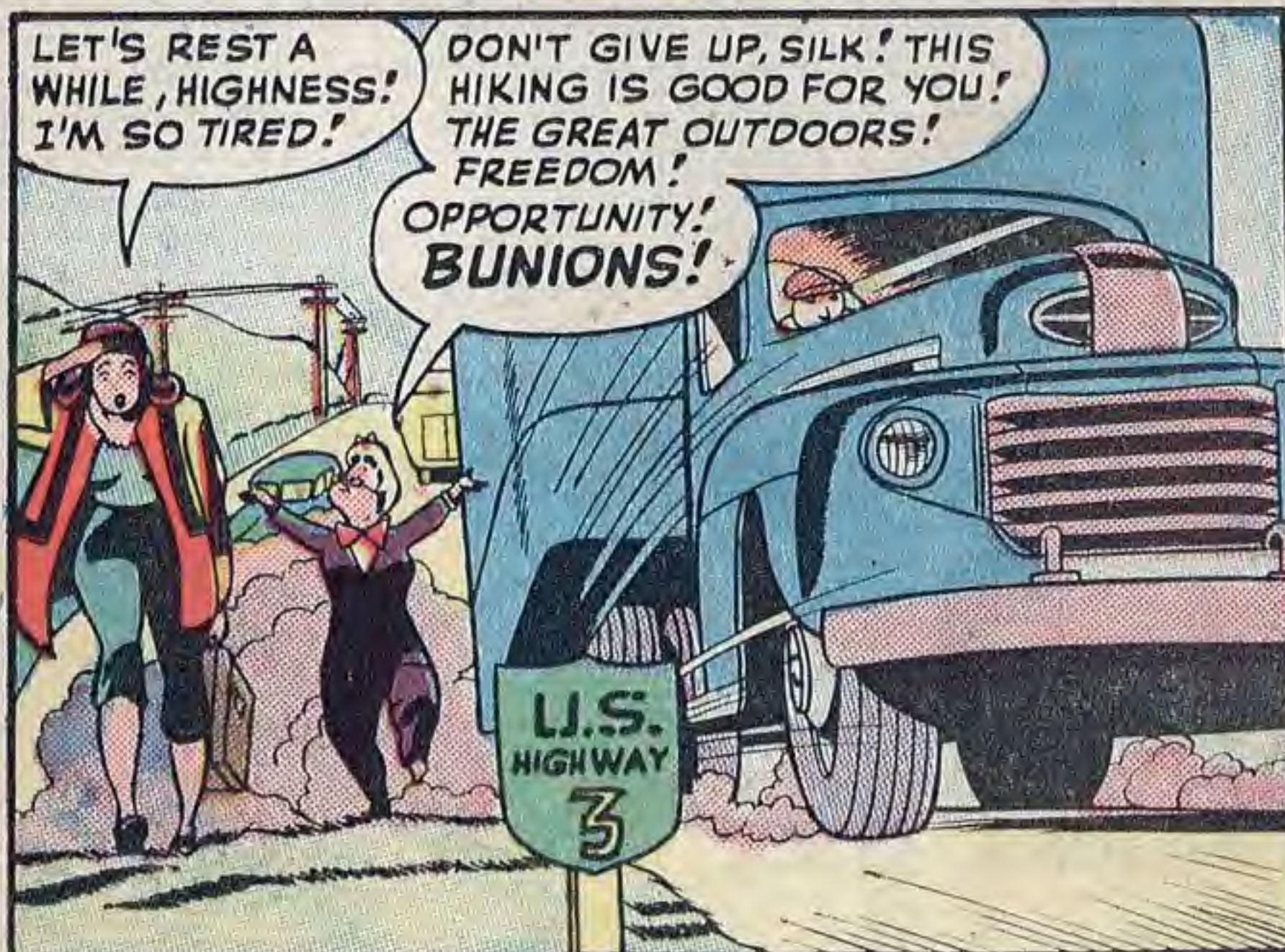
HIGHNESS! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

I DIDN'T THINK THEY'D GIVE ME A WARDROBE TO MATCH!



LET'S REST A WHILE, HIGHNESS! I'M SO TIRED!

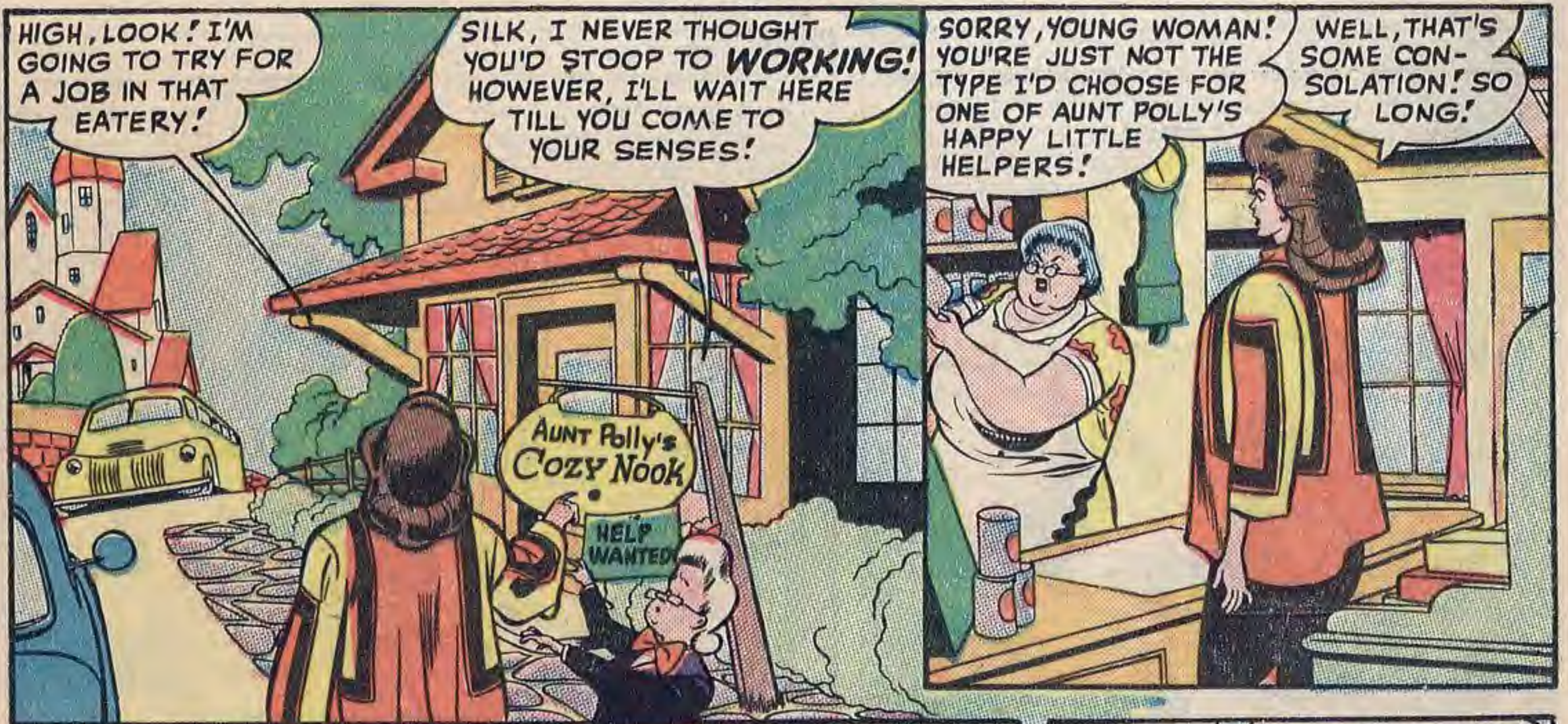
DON'T GIVE UP, SILK! THIS HIKING IS GOOD FOR YOU! THE GREAT OUTDOORS! FREEDOM! OPPORTUNITY! BUNIONS!

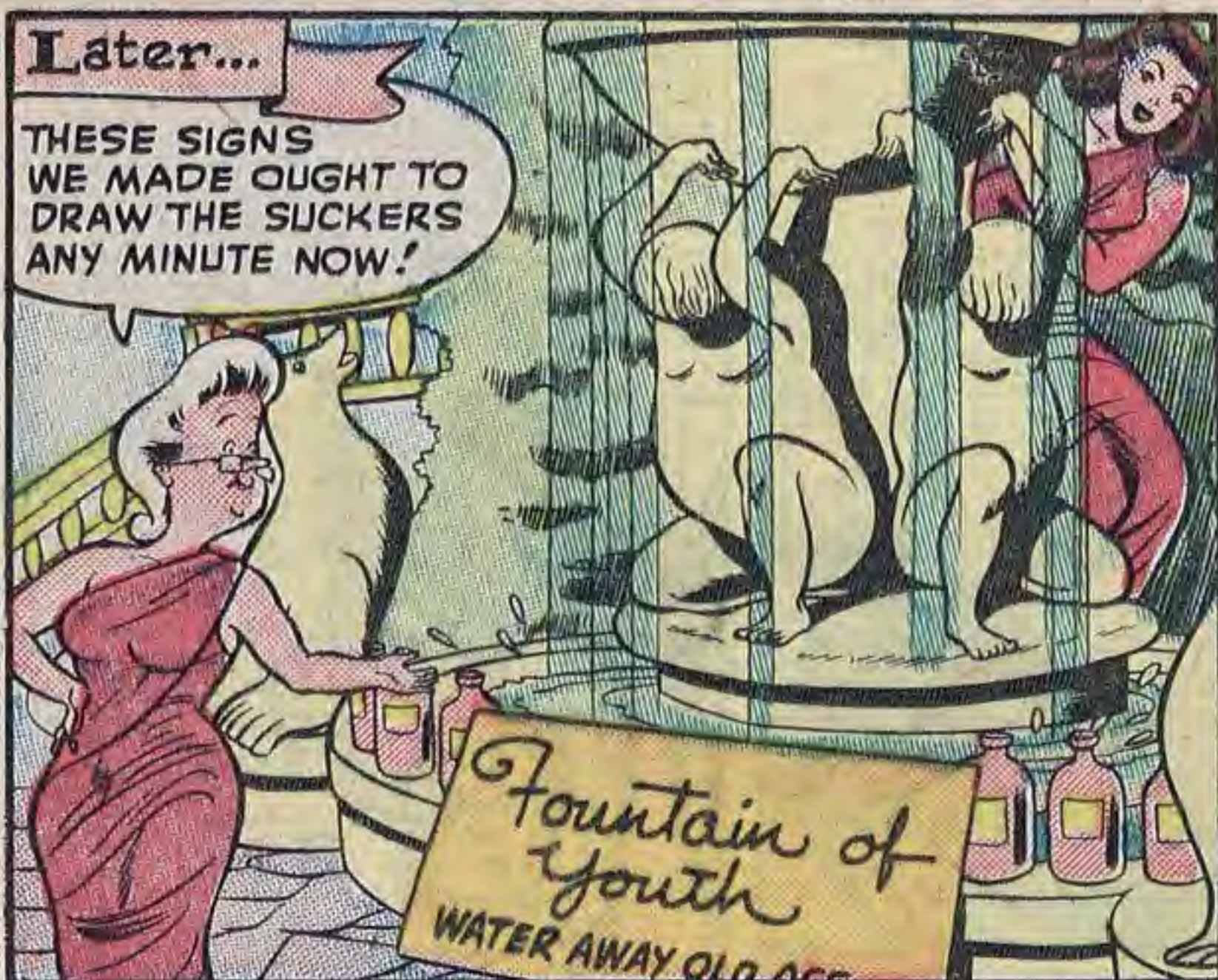


BUNIONS IS RIGHT! NOT A RIDE IN SIGHT! DARN IT... I'VE GOT A RUN IN MY STOCKING!

WALK, DON'T RUN... TO THE NEAREST AND SOFTEST TOUCH! THAT'S MY MOTTO!

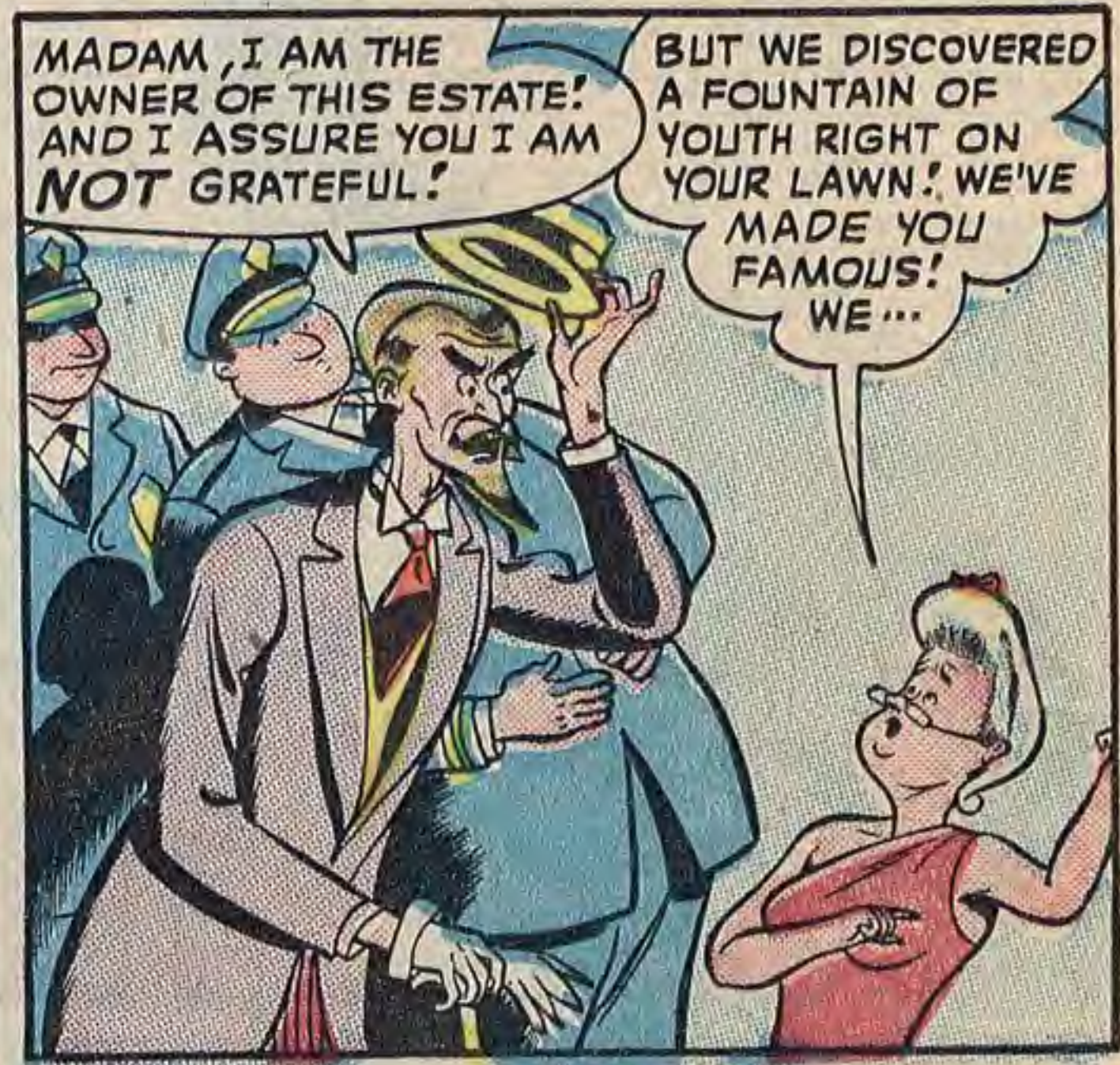




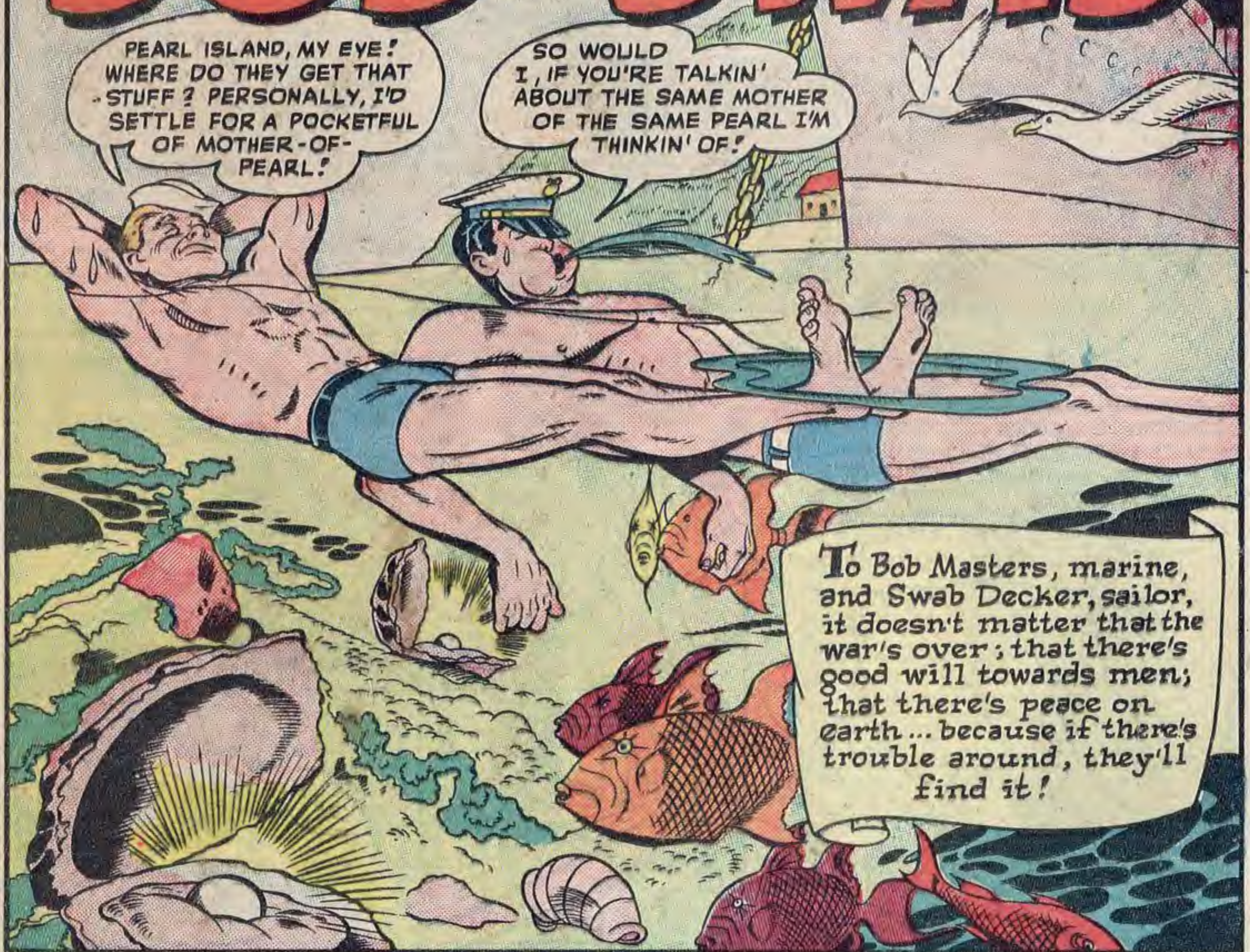




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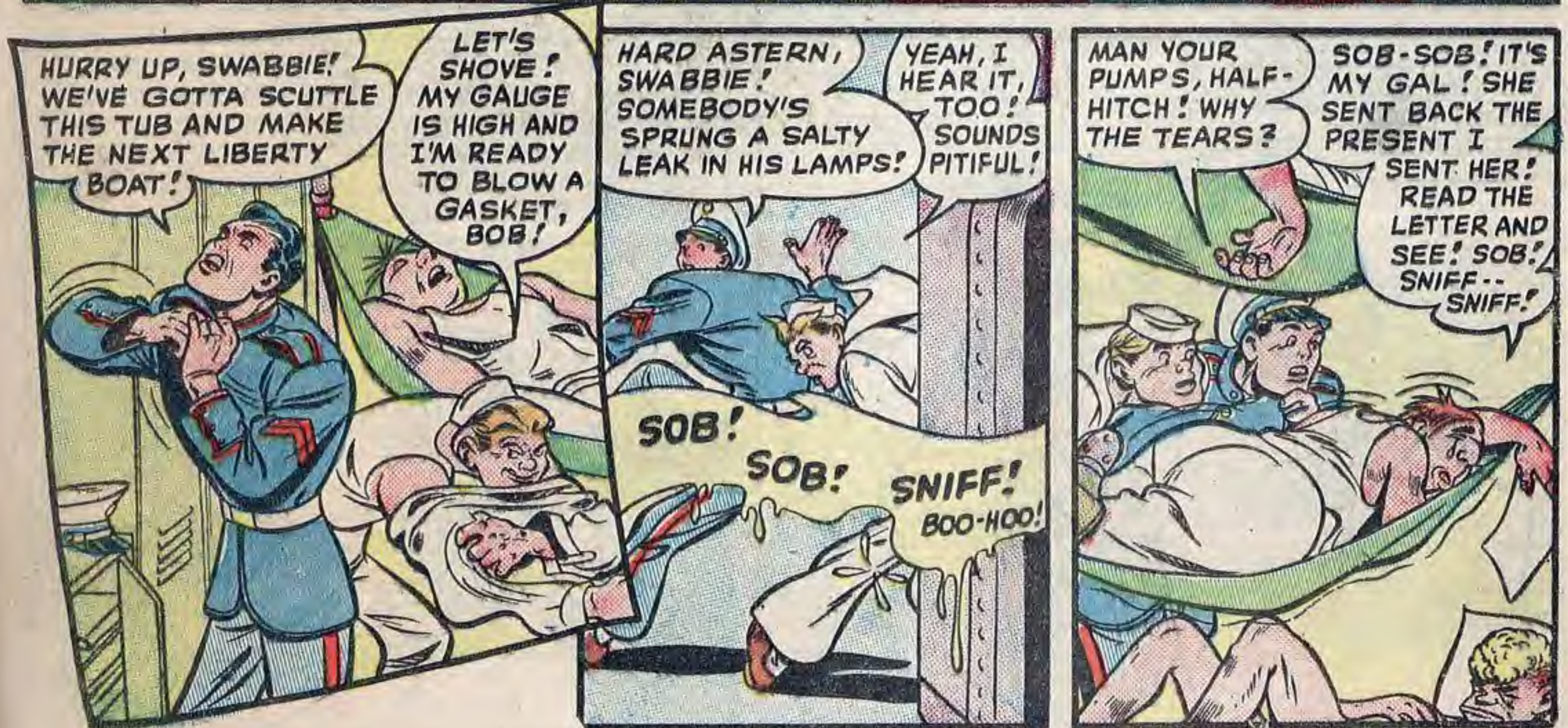
BOB AND SWAB



PEARL ISLAND, MY EYE!
WHERE DO THEY GET THAT
STUFF? PERSONALLY, I'D
SETTLE FOR A POCKETFUL
OF MOTHER-OF-
PEARL!

SO WOULD
I, IF YOU'RE TALKIN'
ABOUT THE SAME MOTHER
OF THE SAME PEARL I'M
THINKIN' OF!

To Bob Masters, marine,
and Swab Decker, sailor,
it doesn't matter that the
war's over; that there's
good will towards men;
that there's peace on
earth... because if there's
trouble around, they'll
find it!



HURRY UP, SWABBIE!
WE'VE GOTTA SCUTTLE
THIS TUB AND MAKE
THE NEXT LIBERTY
BOAT!

LET'S
SHOVE!
MY GAUGE
IS HIGH AND
I'M READY
TO BLOW A
GASKET,
BOB!

HARD ASTERN,
SWABBIE!
SOMEBODY'S
SPRUNG A SALTY
LEAK IN HIS LAMPS!

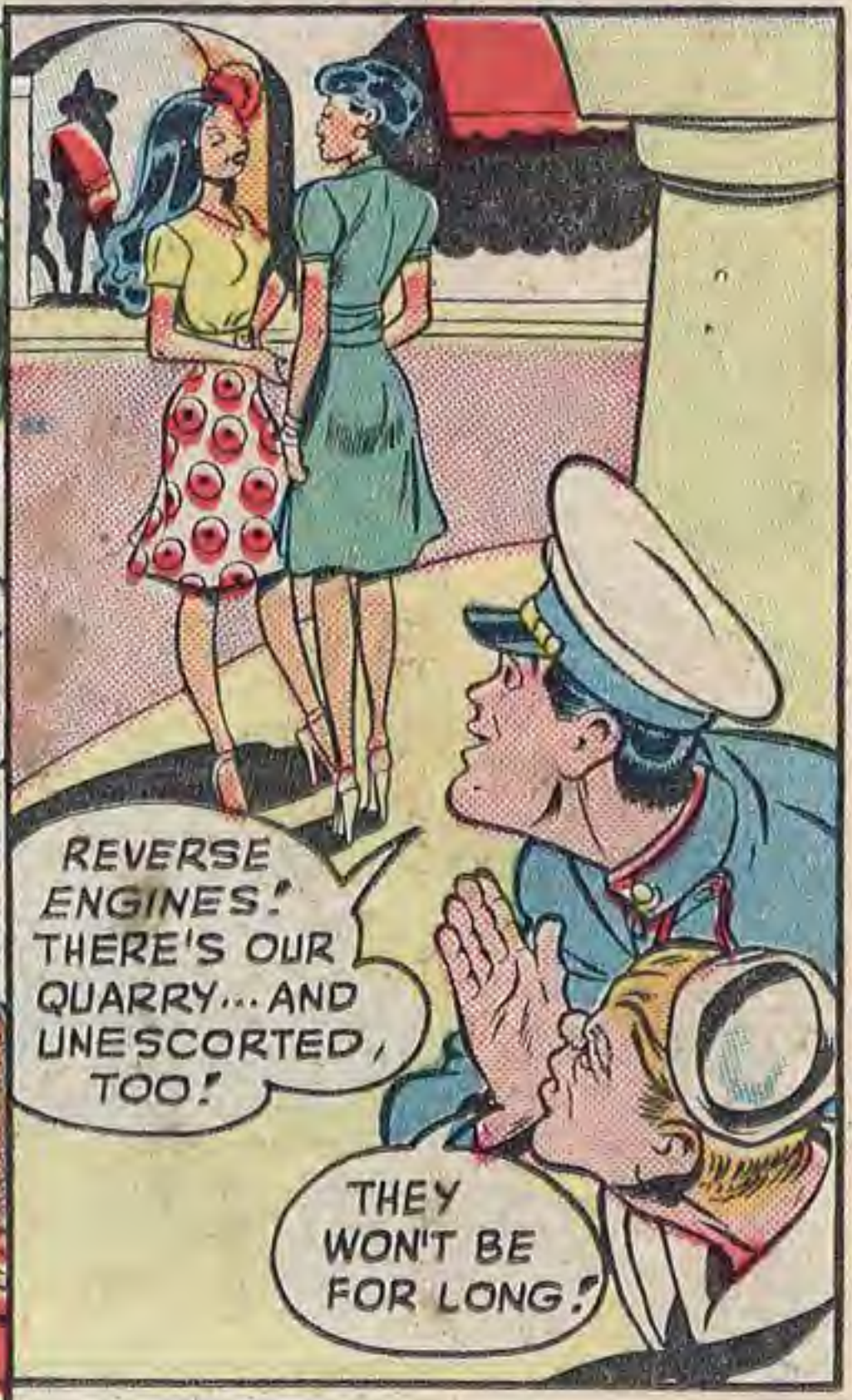
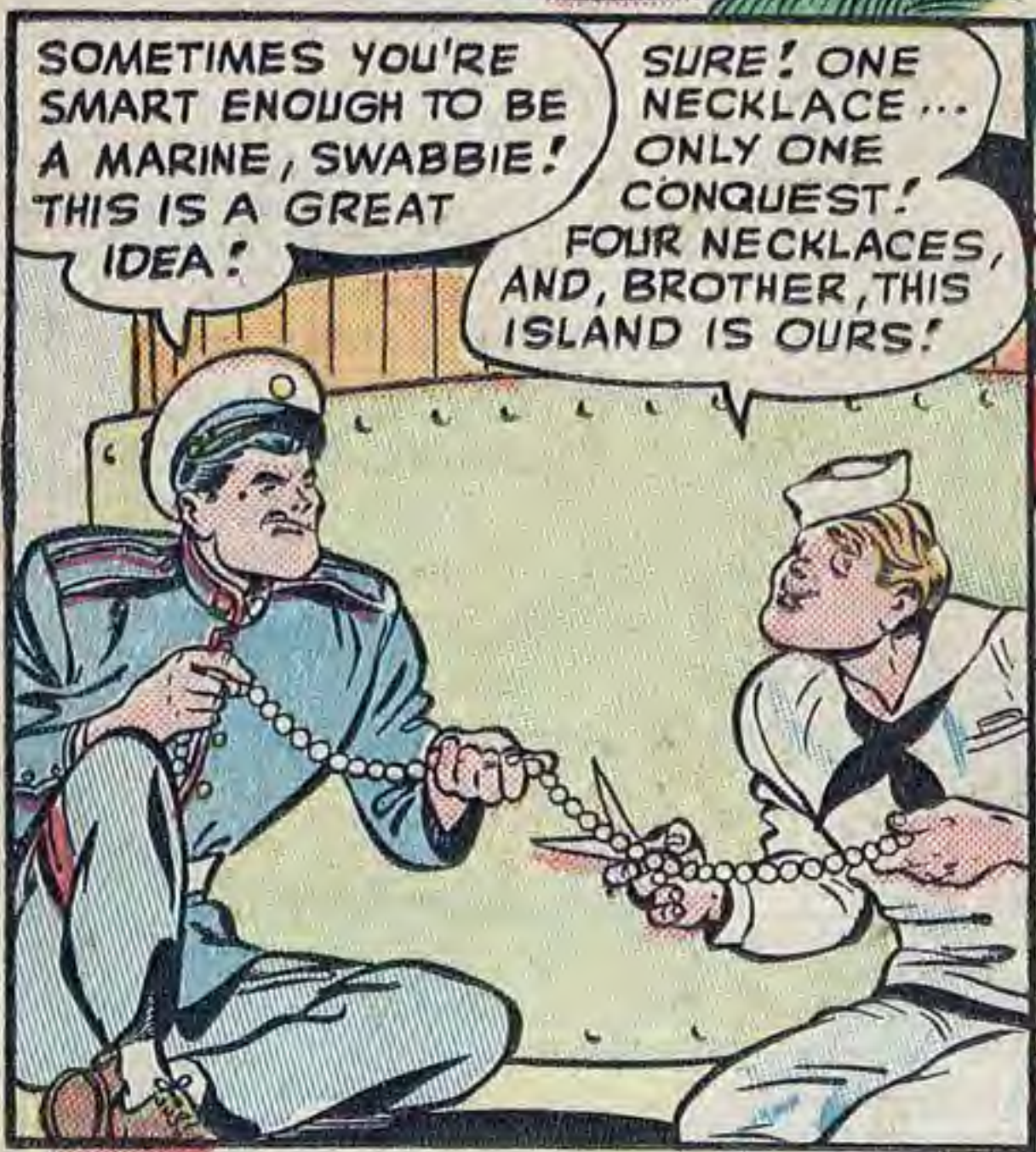
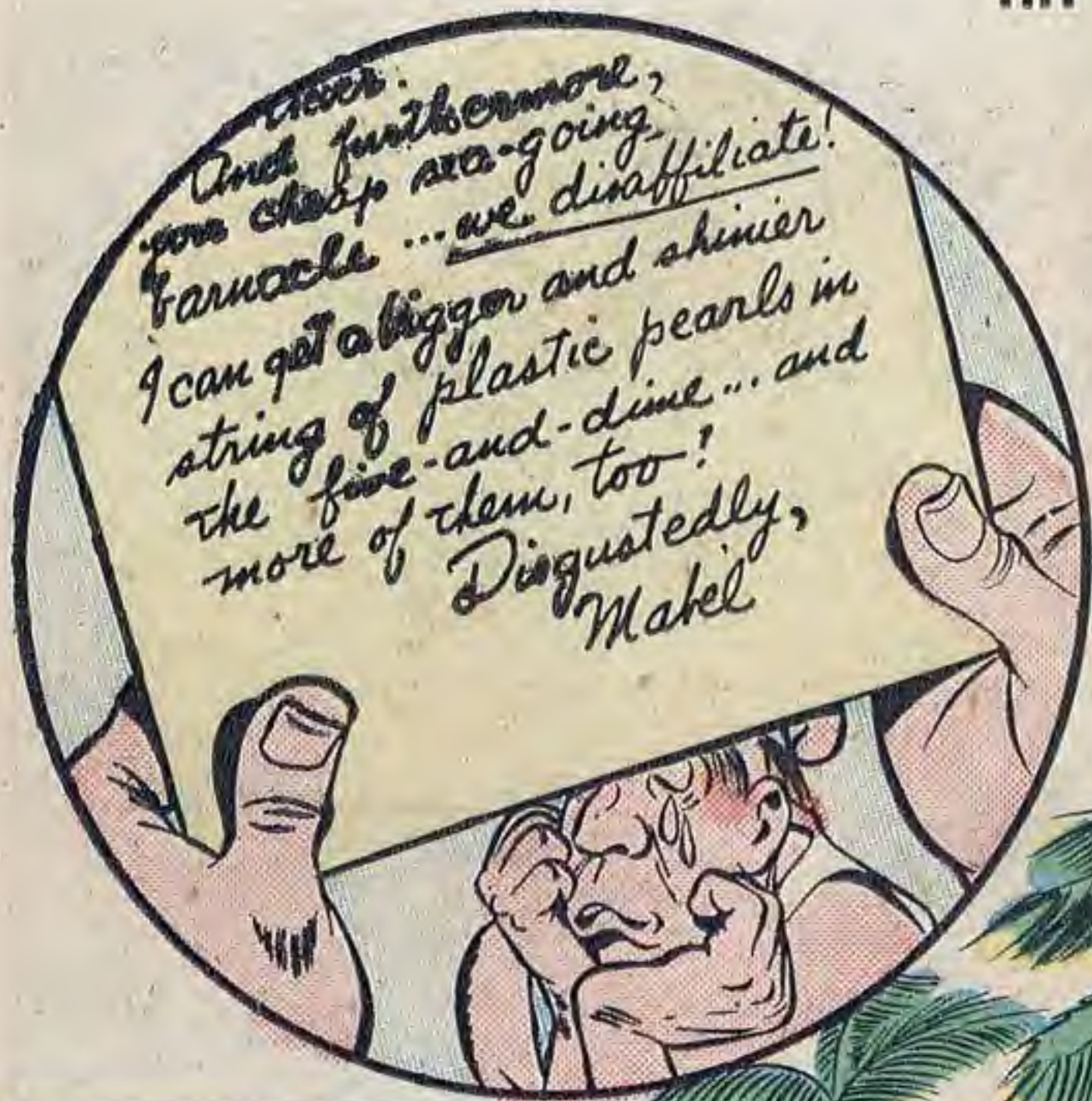
YEAH, I
HEAR IT,
TOO!
SOUNDS
PITIFUL!

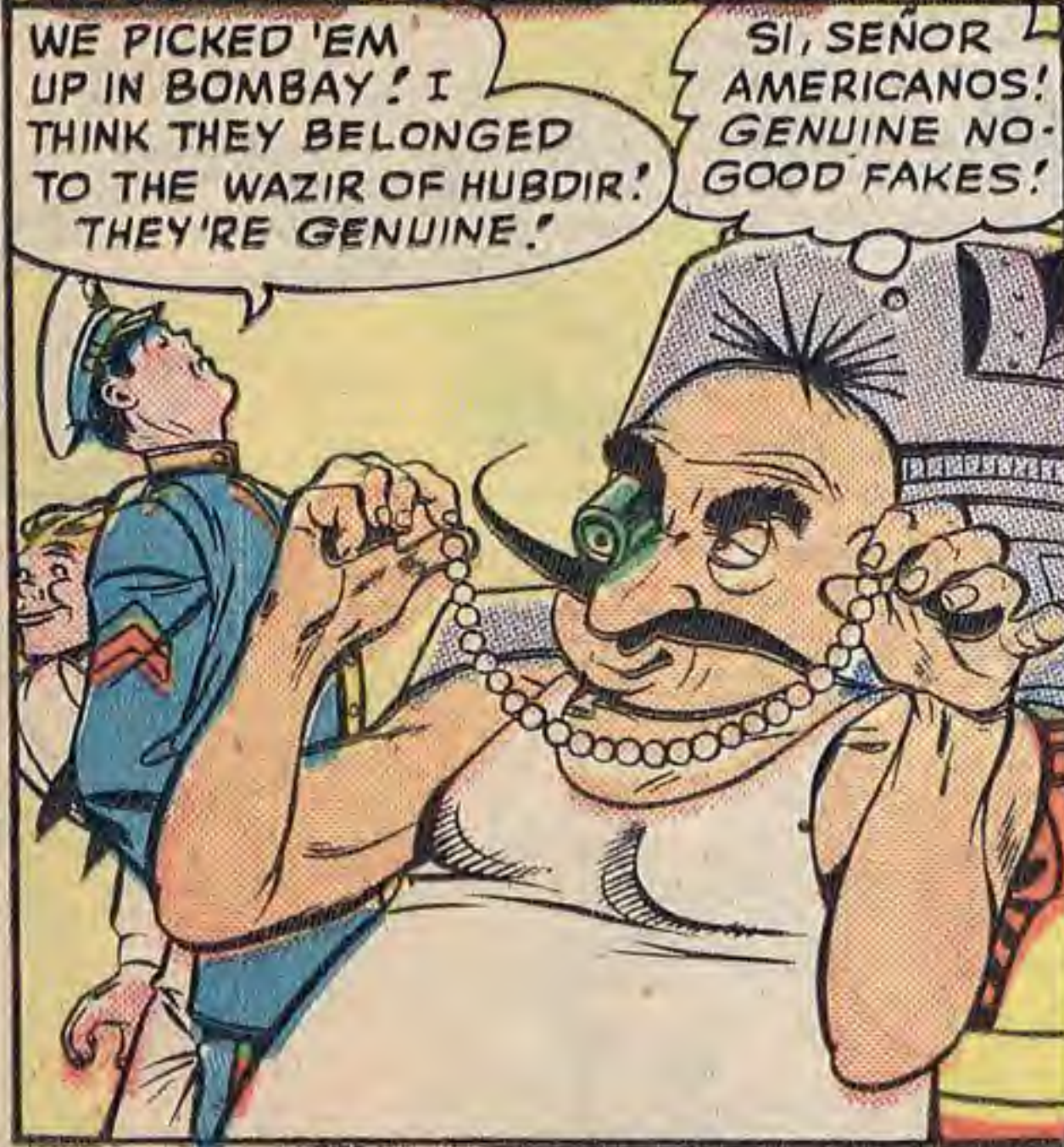
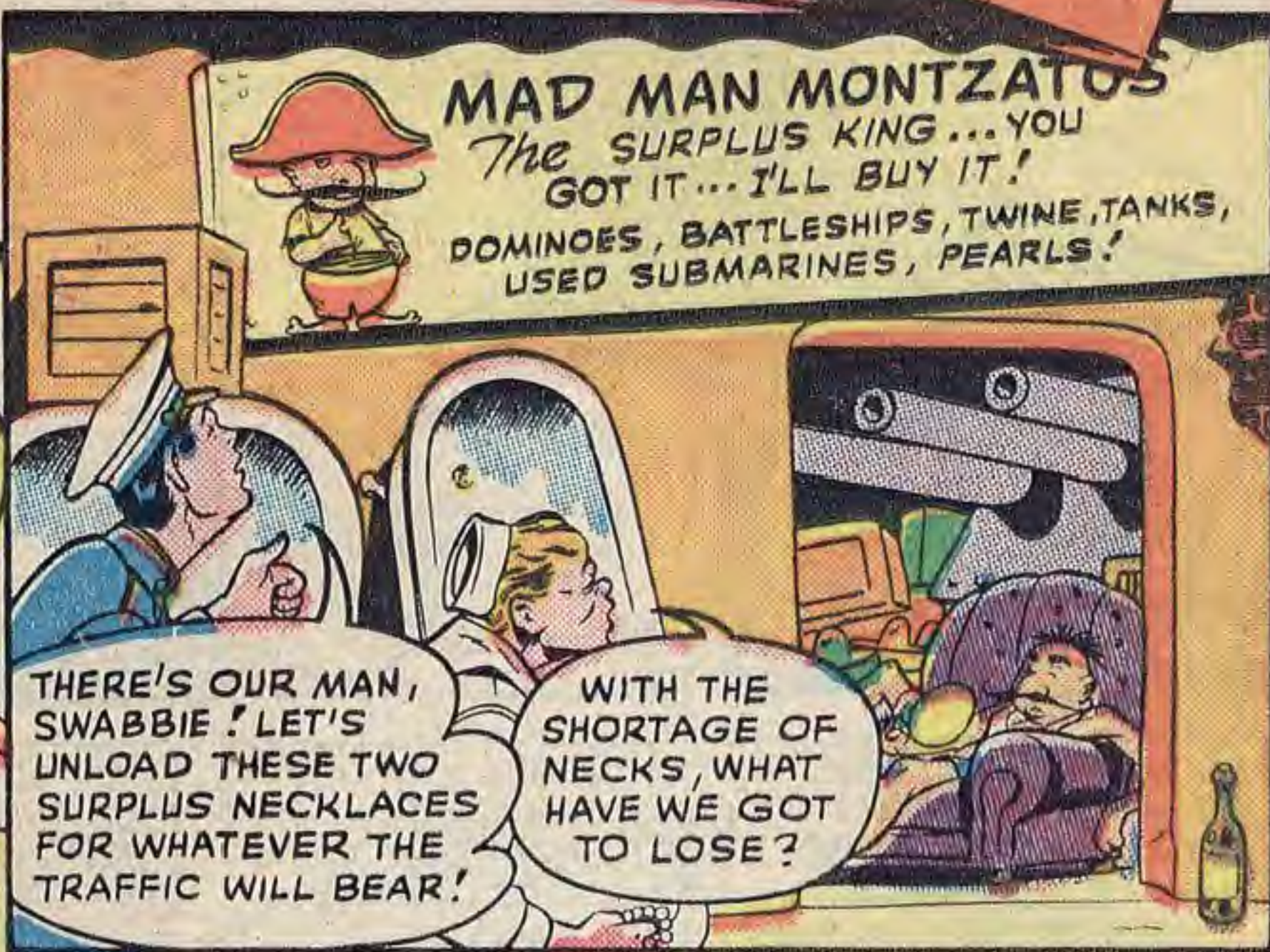
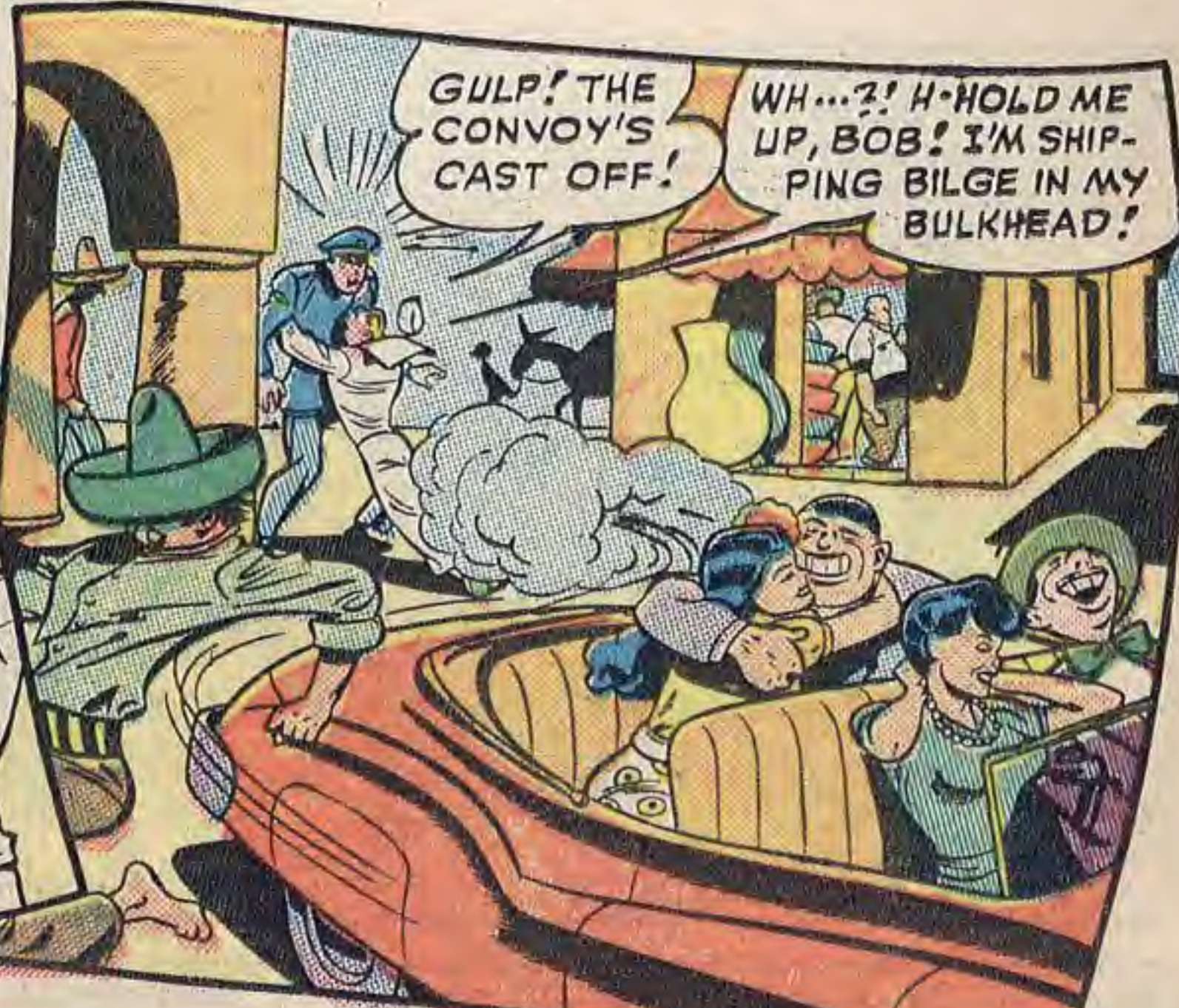
MAN YOUR
PUMPS, HALF-
HITCH! WHY
THE TEARS?

SOB-SOB! IT'S
MY GAL! SHE
SENT BACK THE
PRESENT I

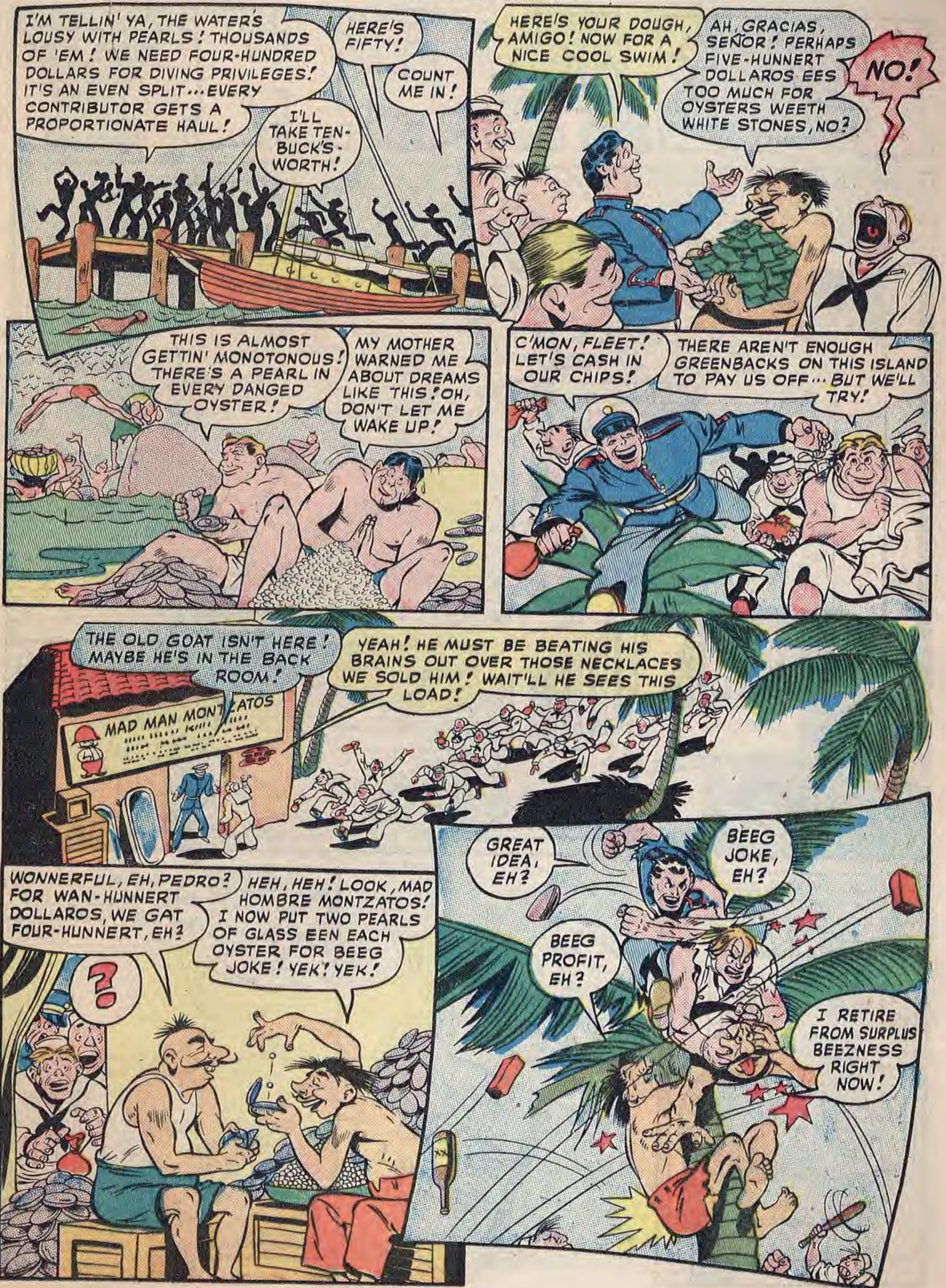
SENT HER!
READ THE
LETTER AND
SEE! SOB!
SNIFF...
SNIFF!

SOB!
SOB! SNIFF!
BOO-HOO!

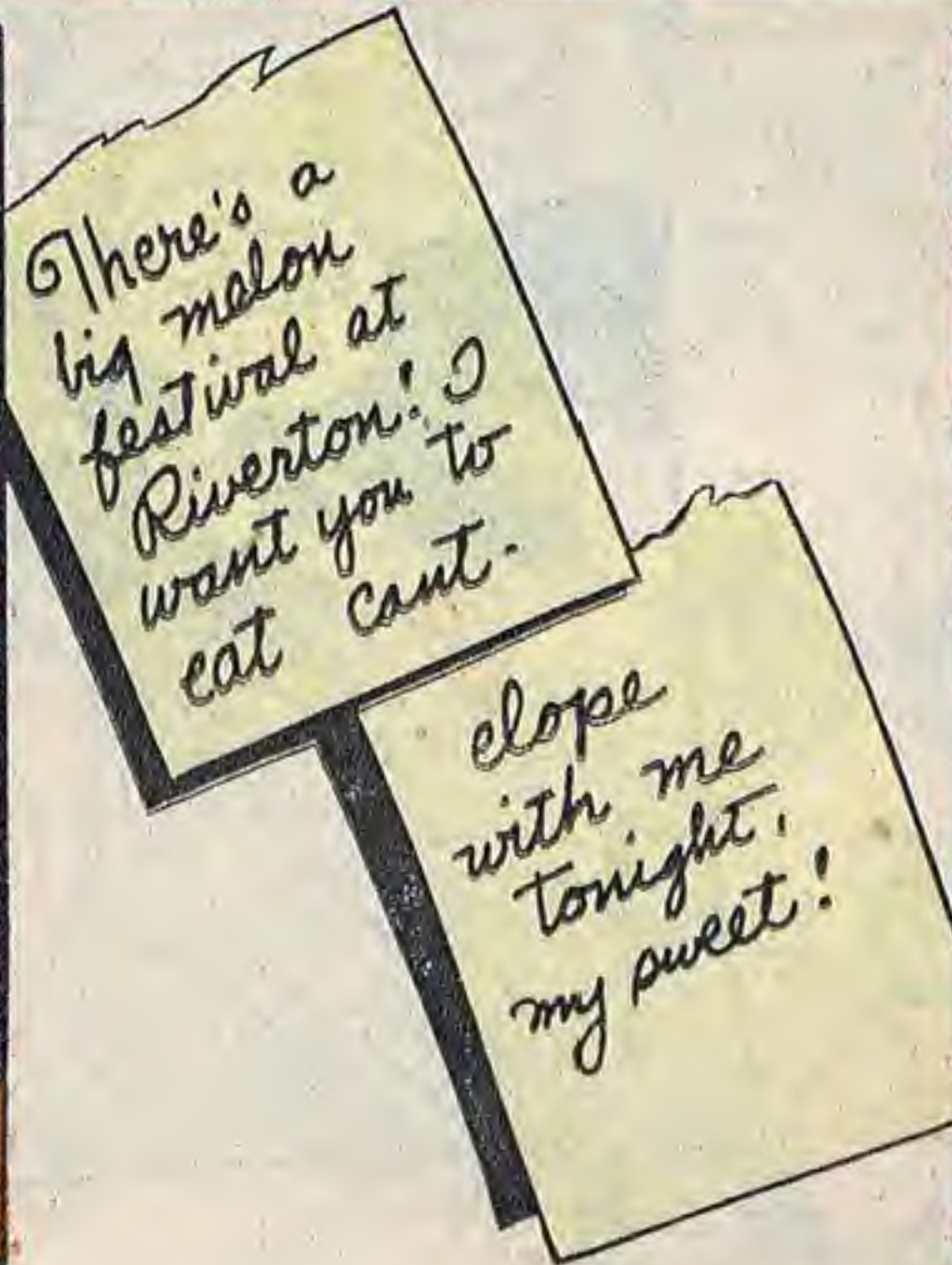
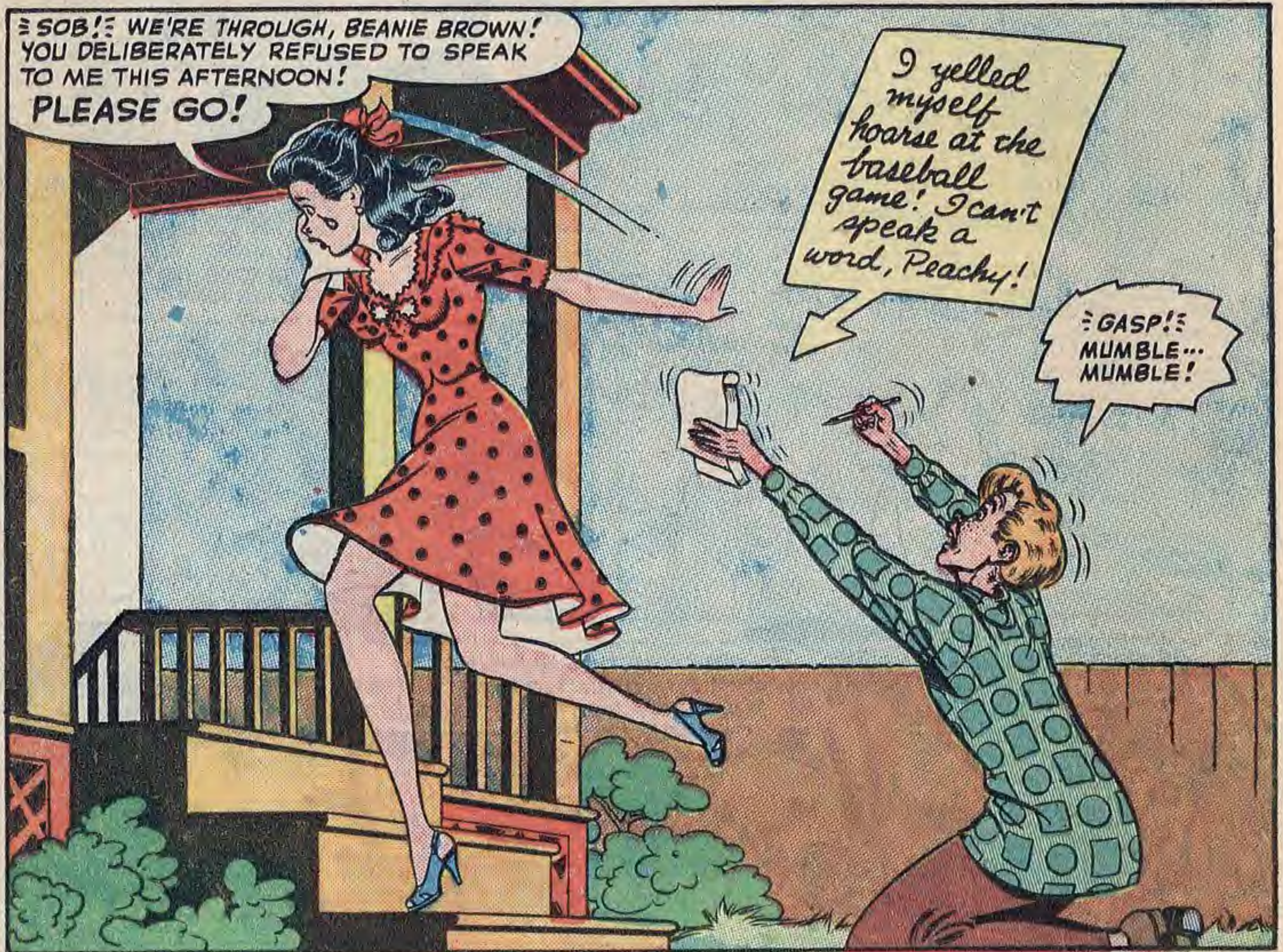


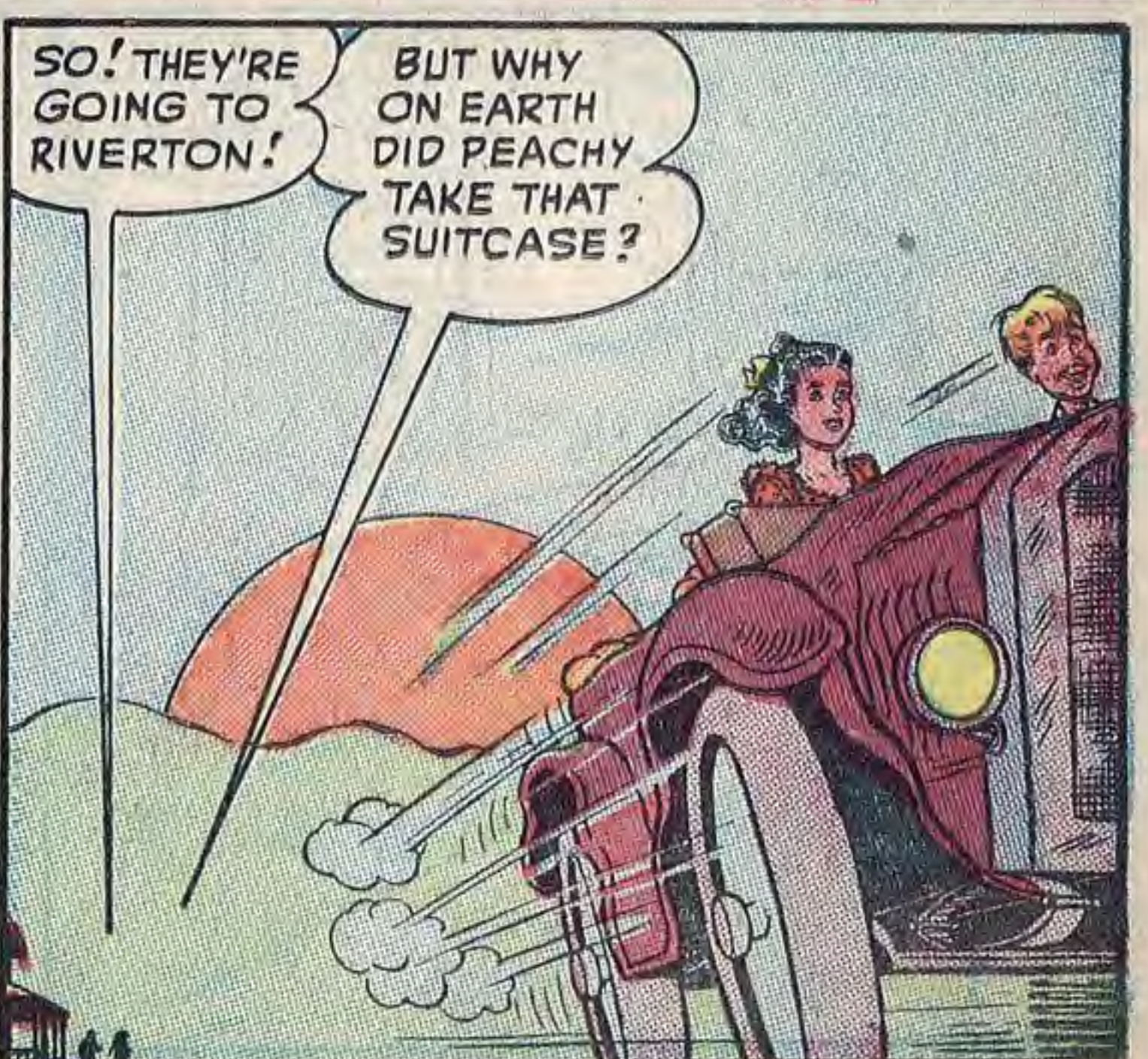


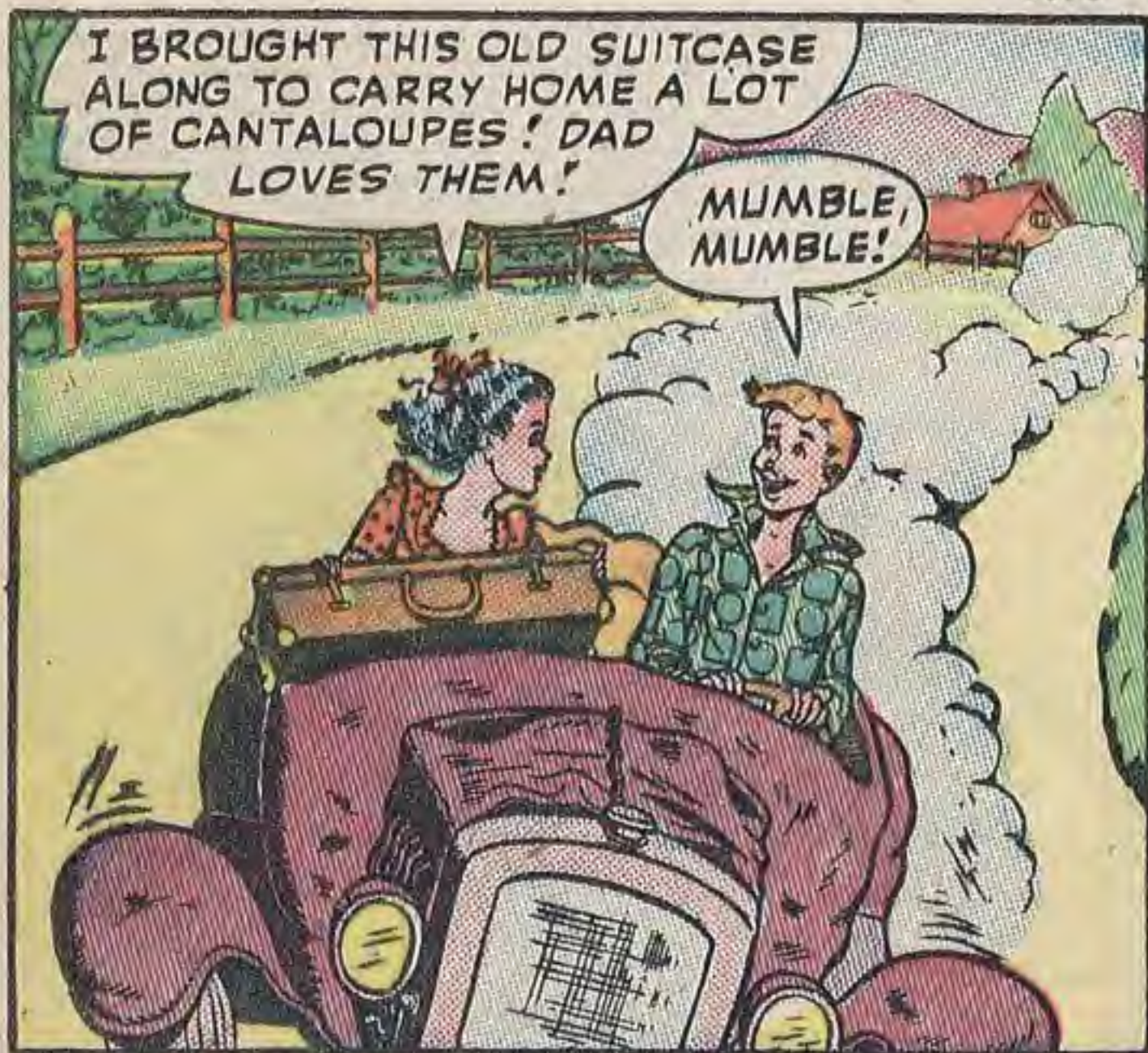


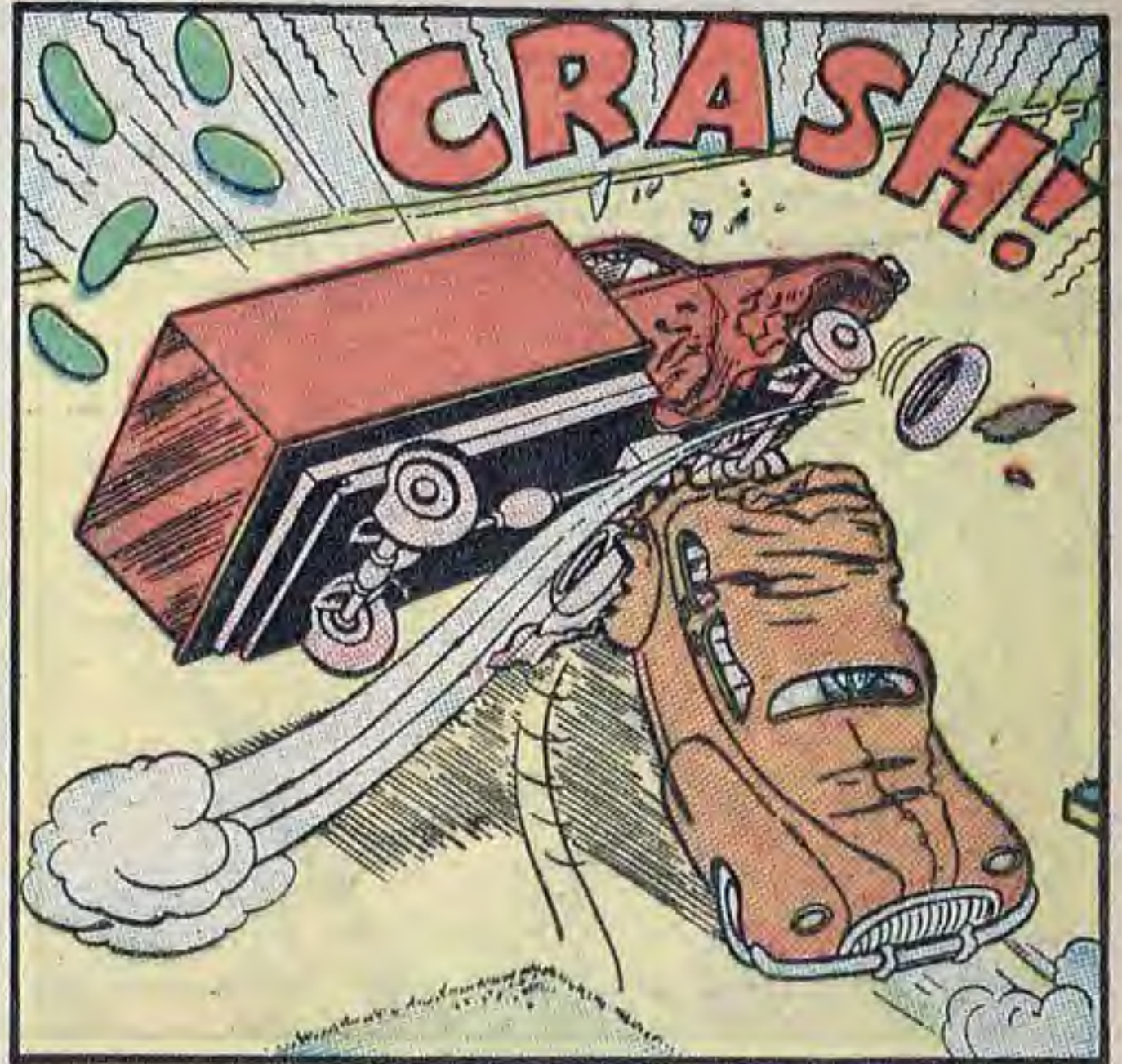
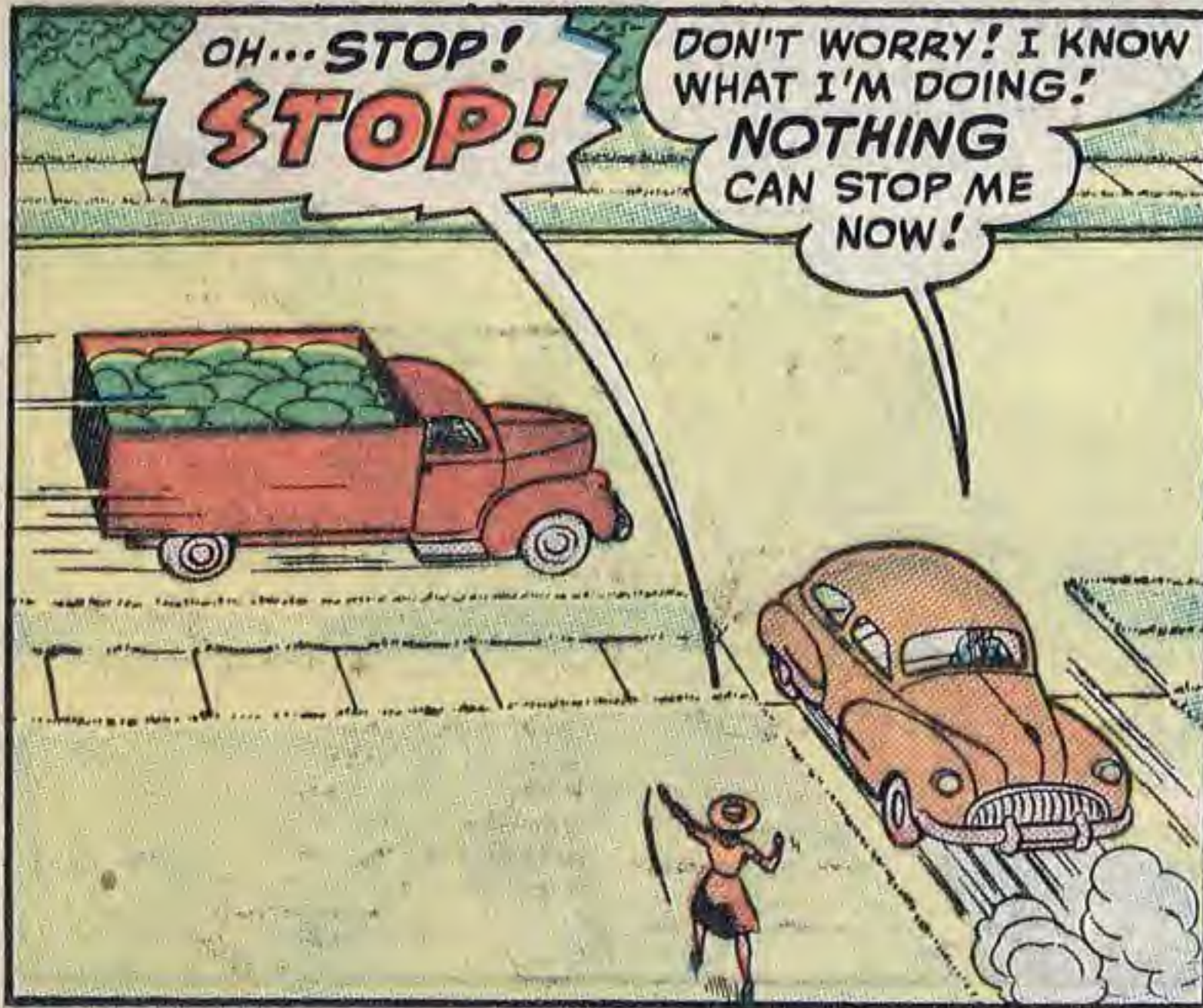


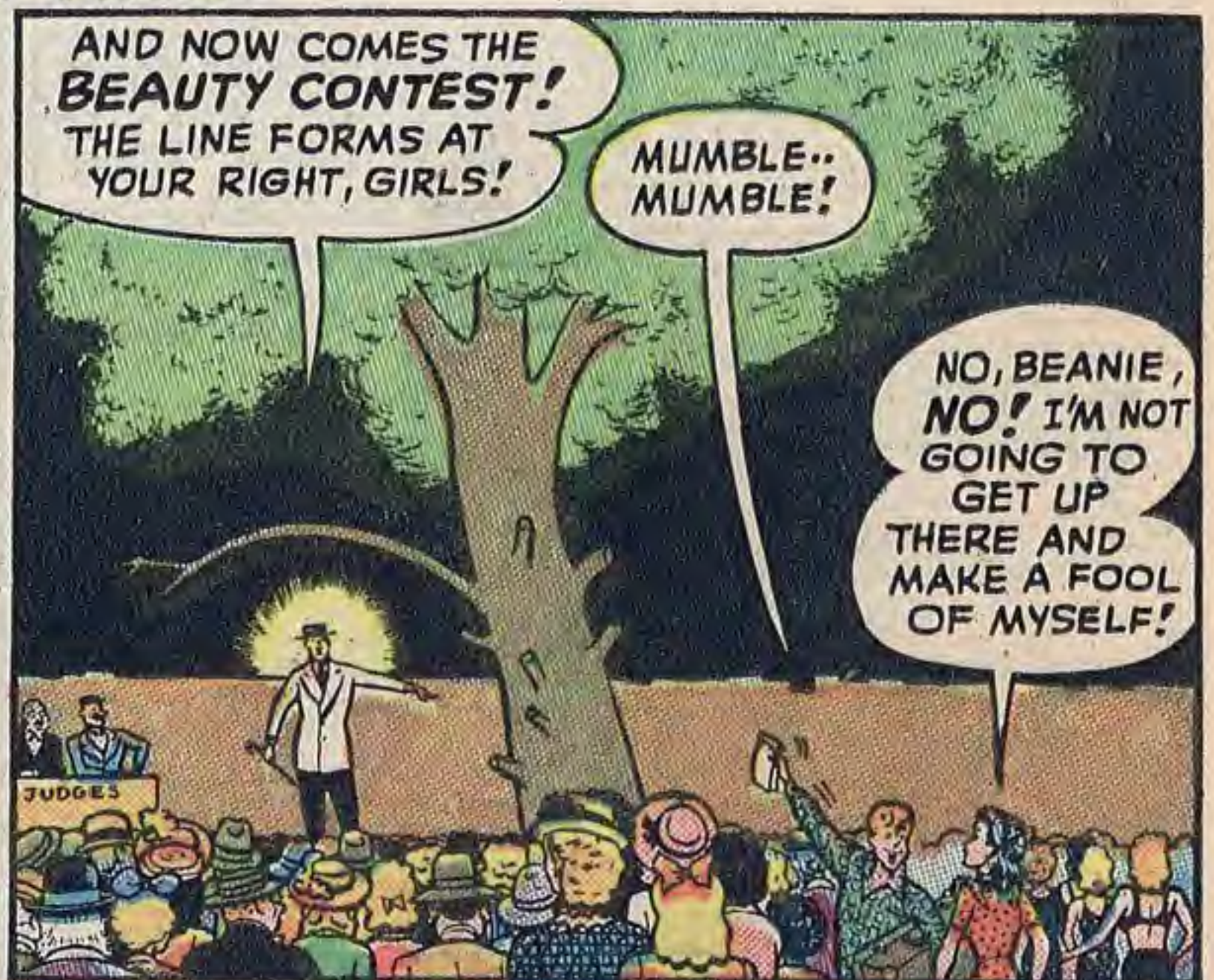
PEACHY













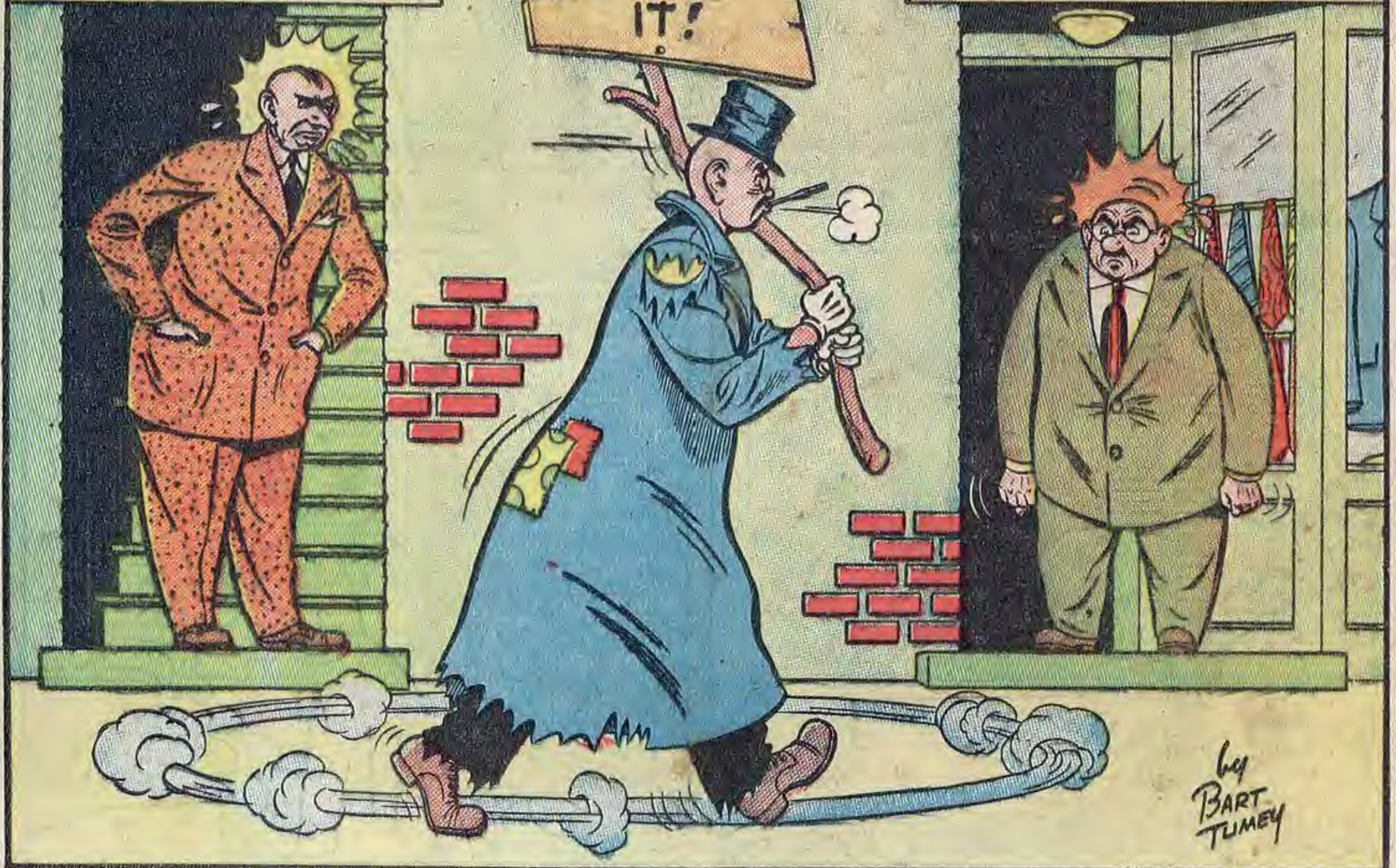
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SIR ROGER

EASY LOAN CO.
\$300 ON YOUR
SIGNATURE ONLY!

DON'T
BELIEVE
IT!

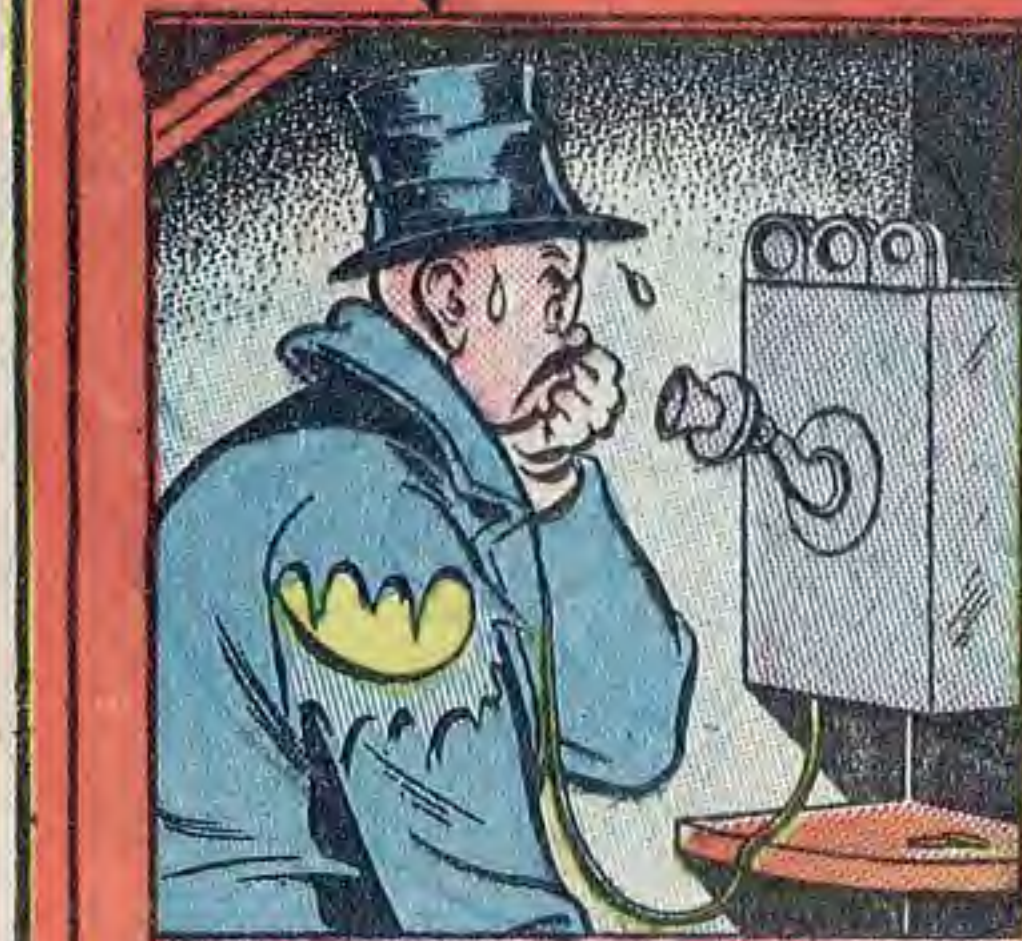
CREDIT CLOTHING
Just say
CHARGE IT!



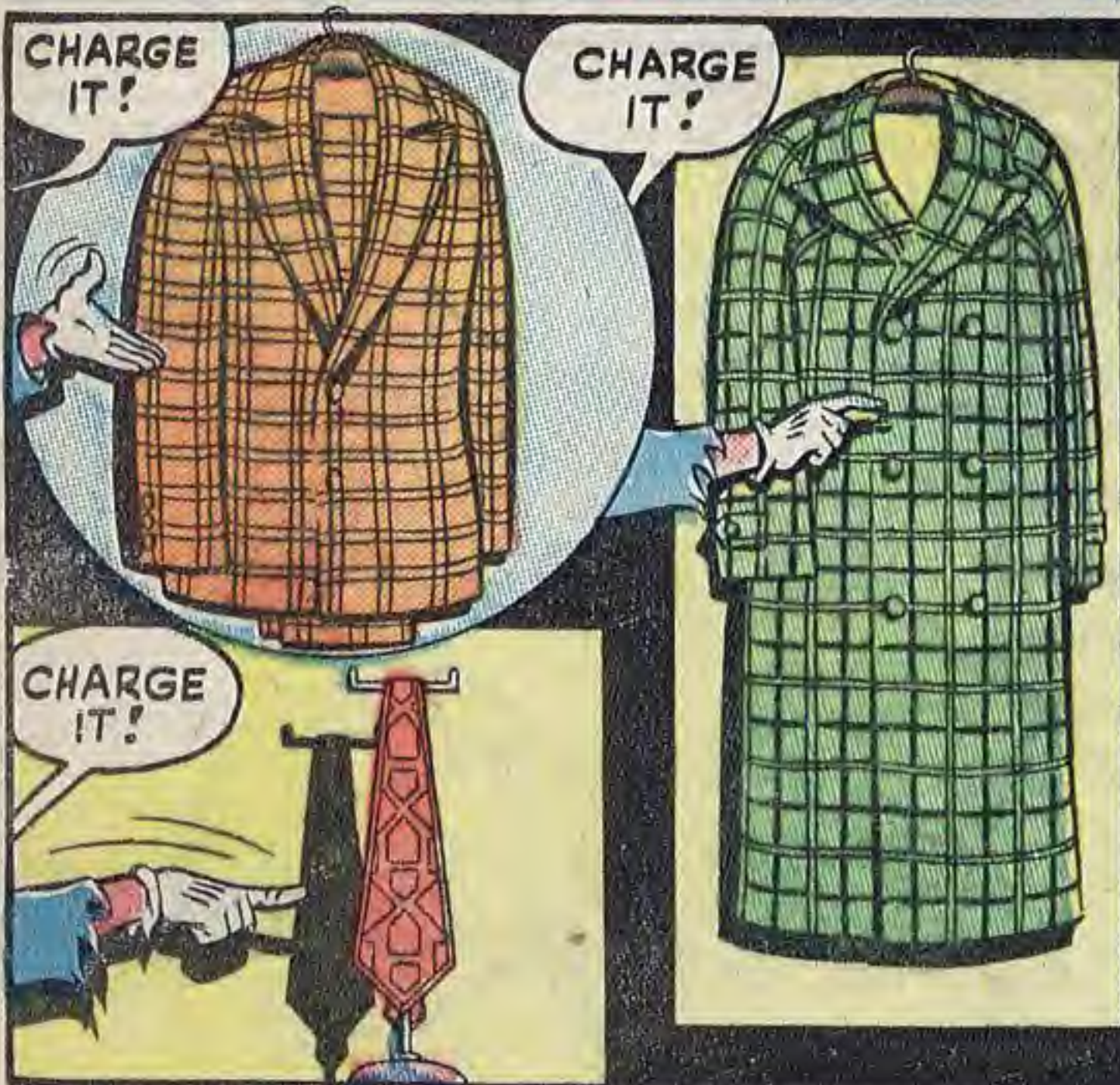
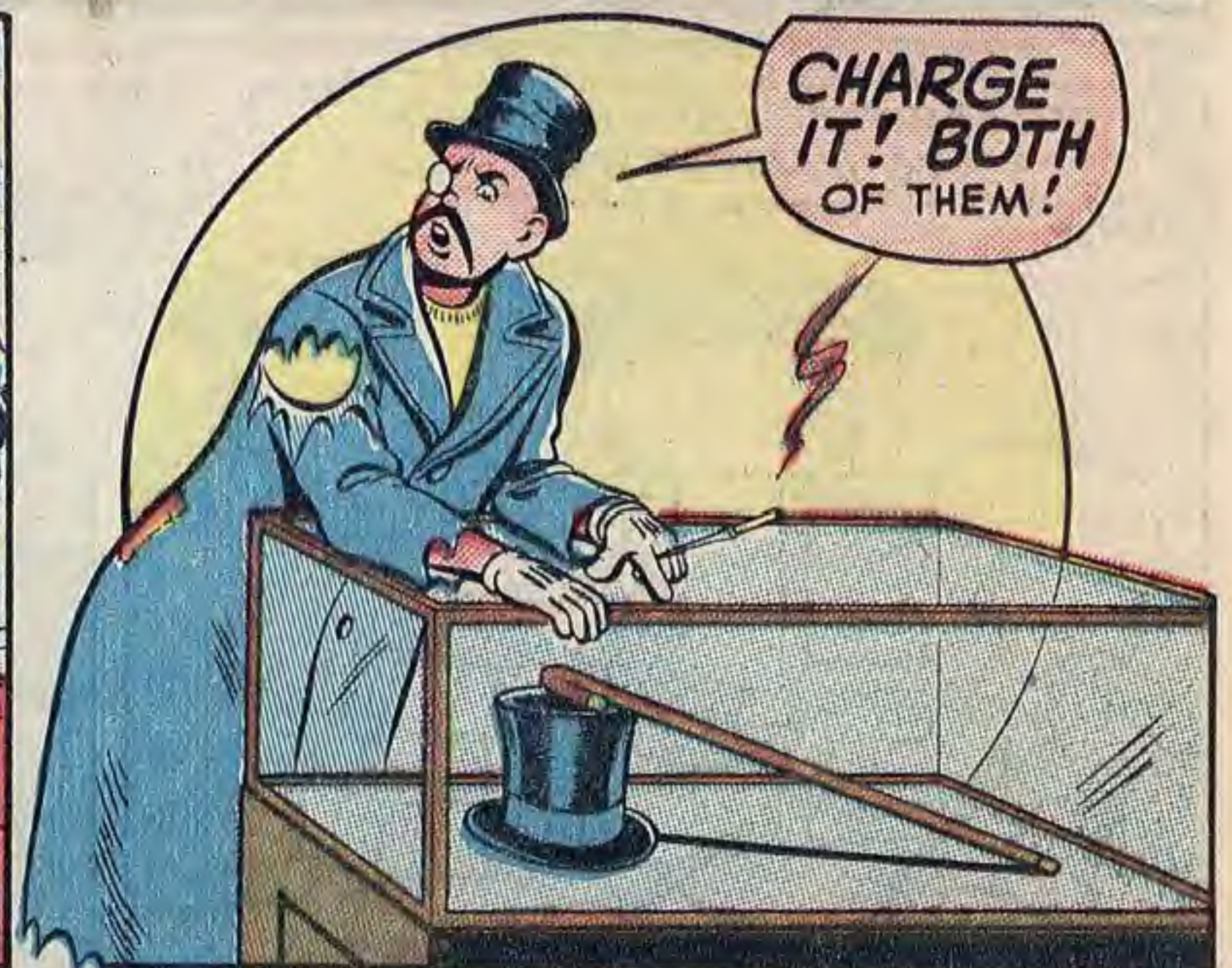
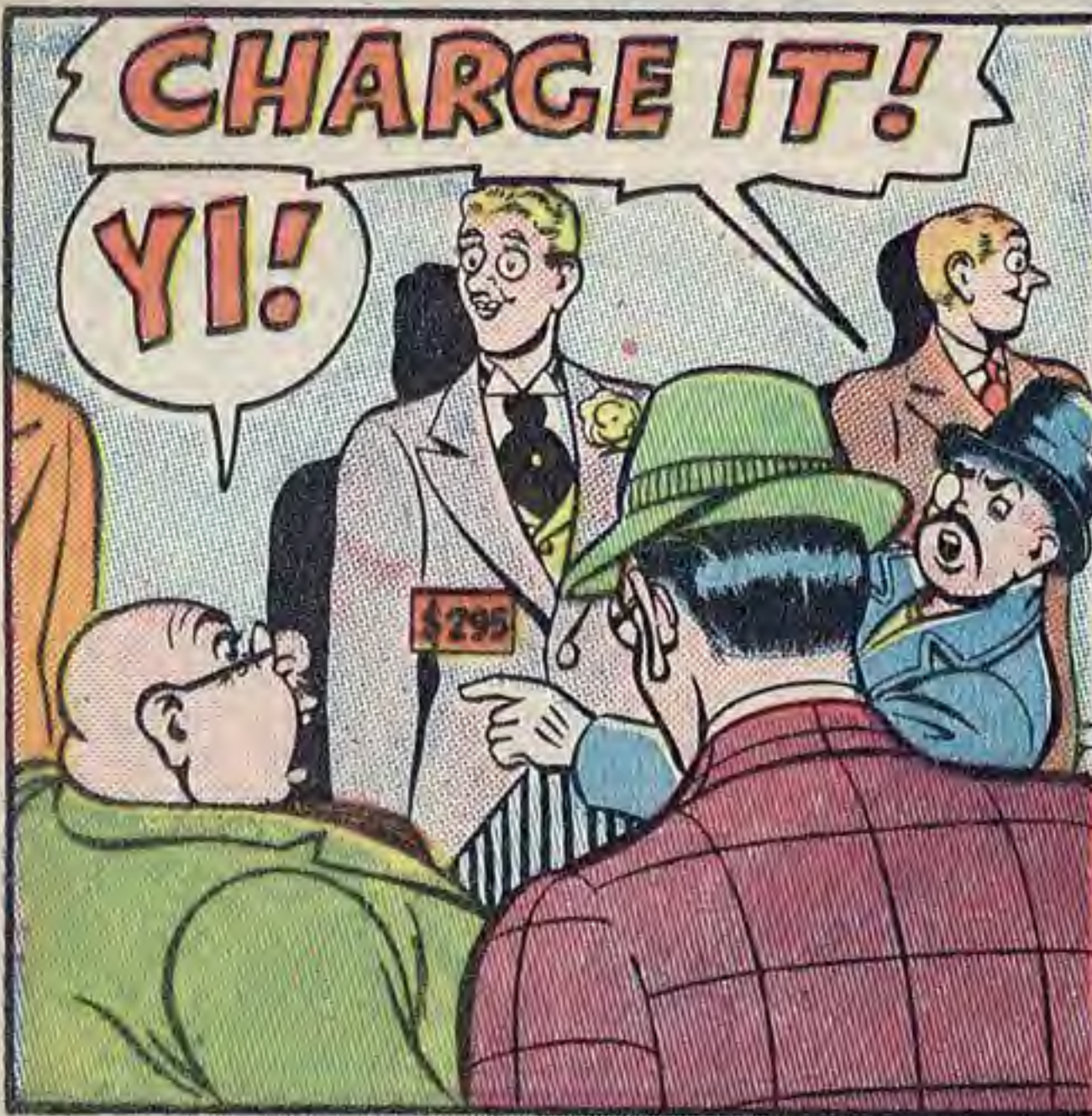
ADVERTISING BETTERMENT BUREAU?
I WISH TO REPORT A COUPLE OF
BUSINESS MEN WHO ARE USING
PHONY ADVERTISING!

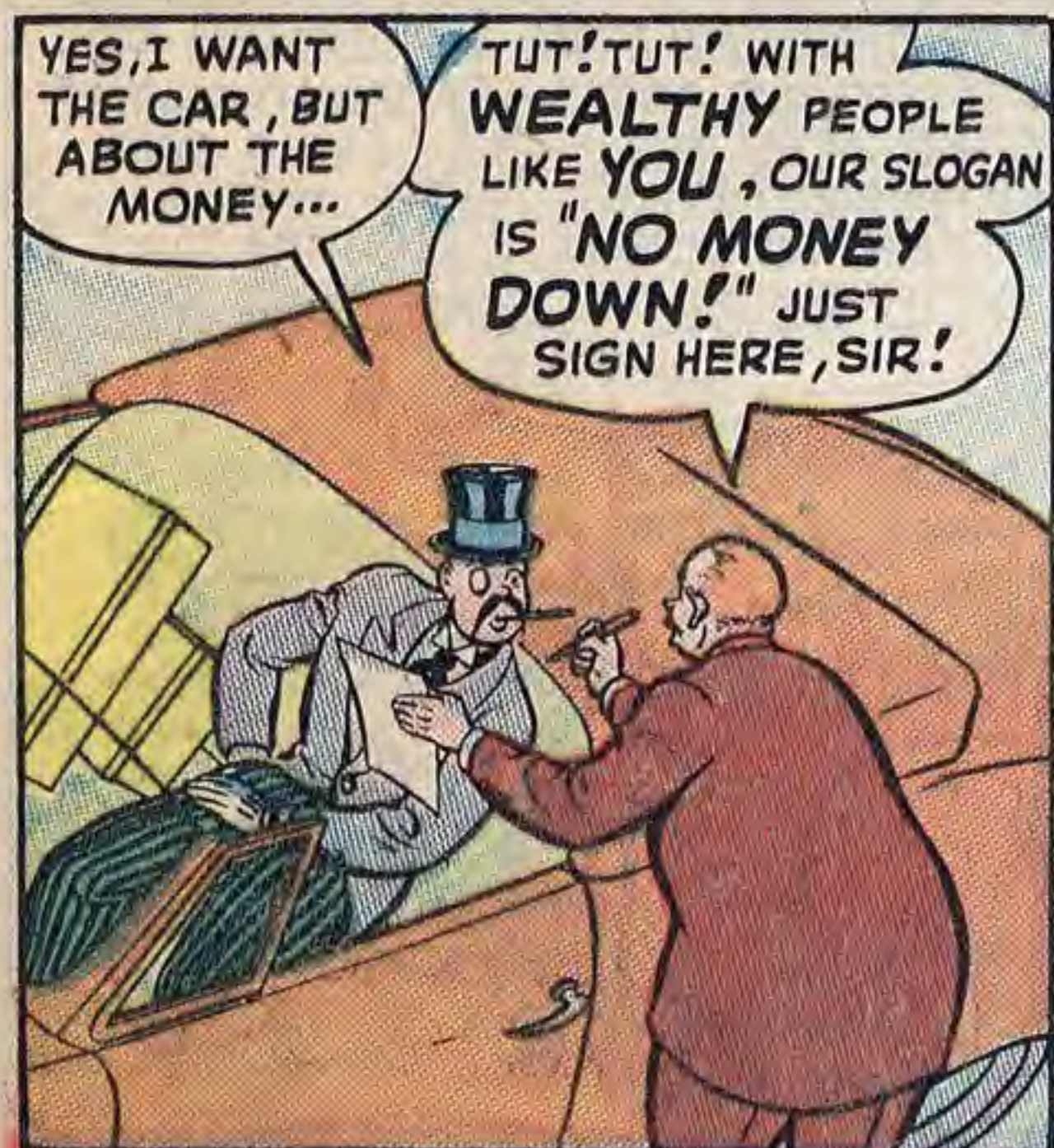
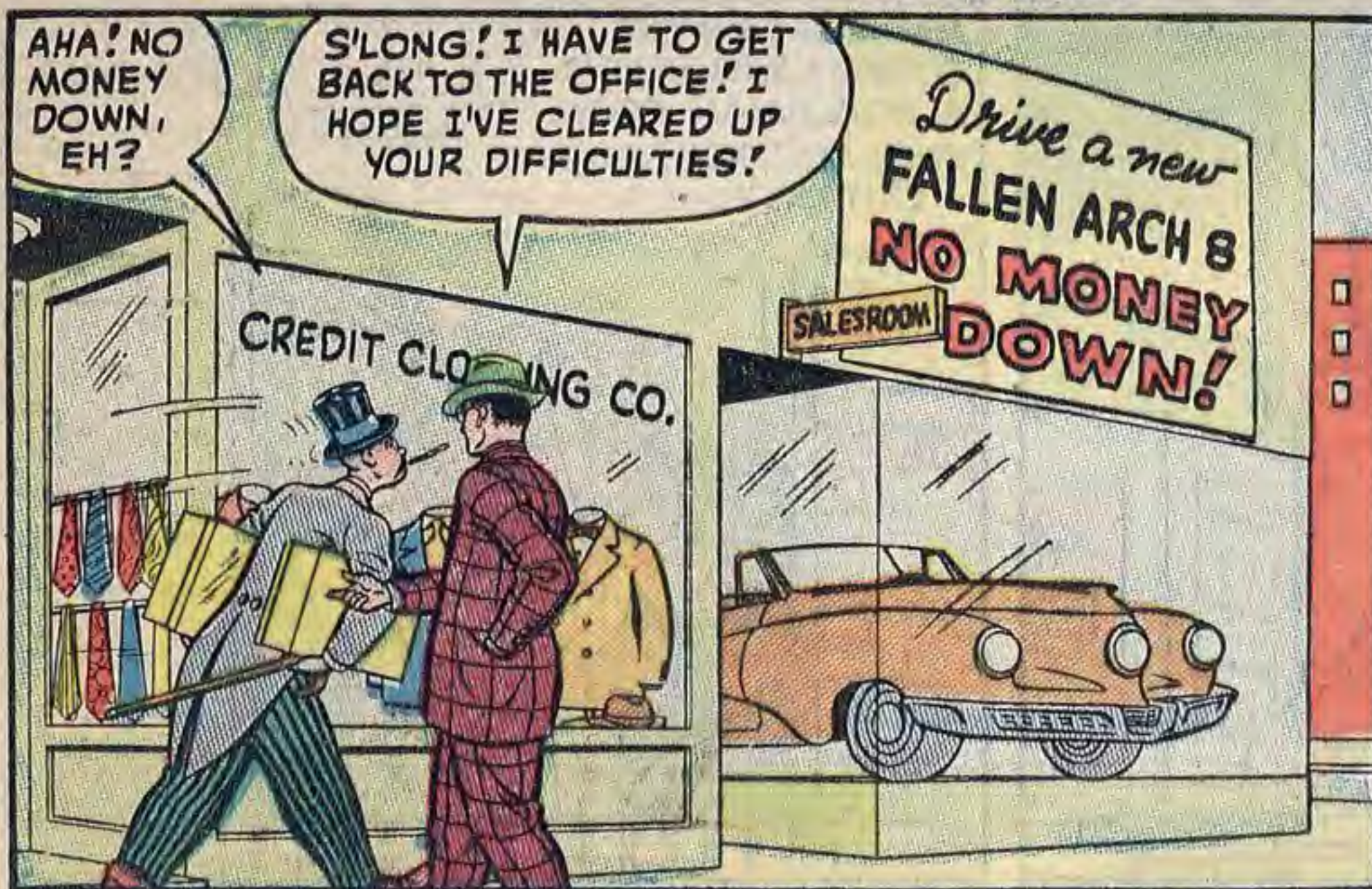
YES! THERE'S A LAW AGAINST MISLEADING
ADVERTISING! I'LL MEET YOU AND
INVESTIGATE YOUR COMPLAINT
AT ONCE!

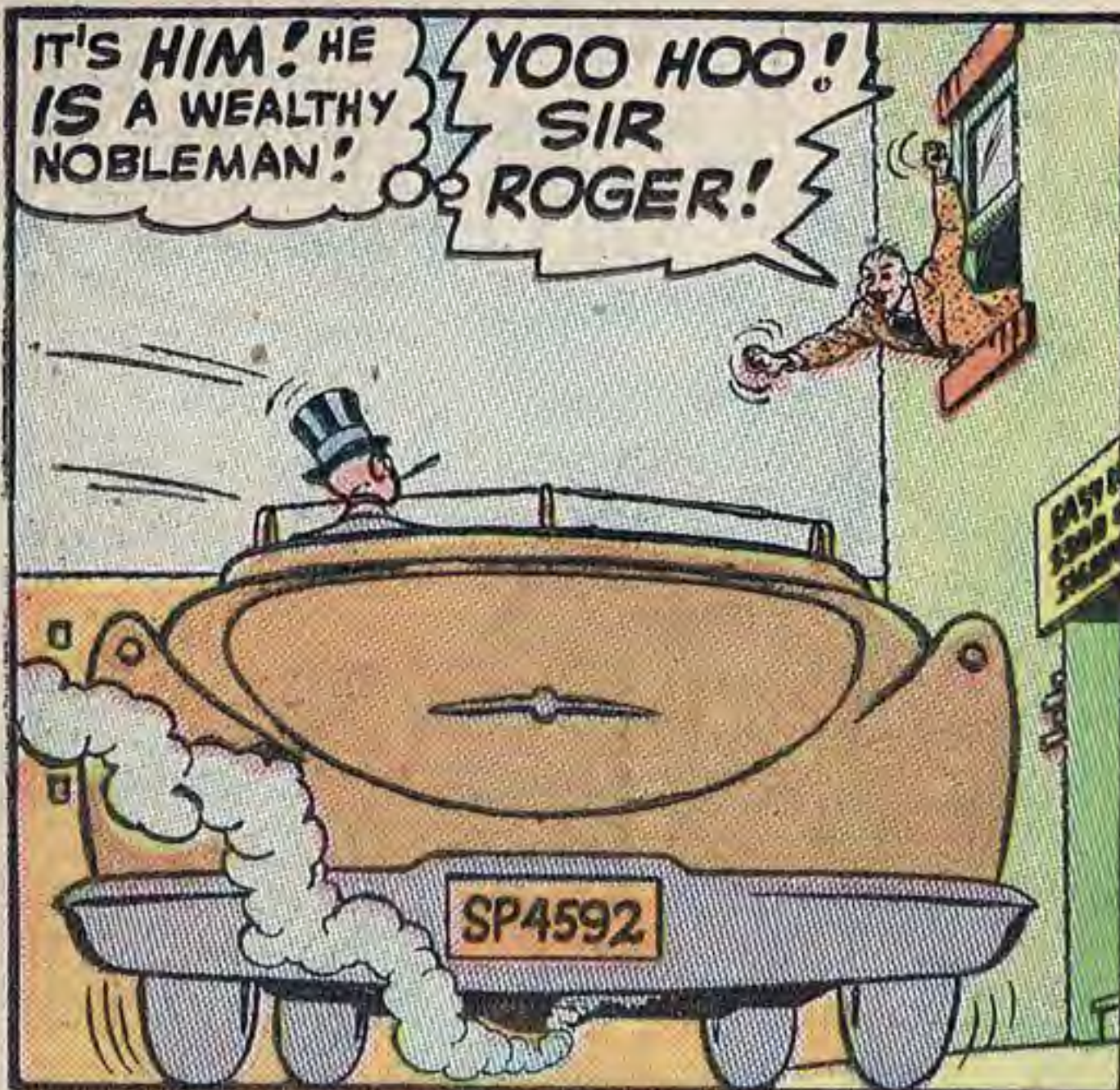
Advertising
Betterment
Bureau











WRATH of the GODS

JUAN AVILA was smiling as he guided his crude wooden plow, pulled by two oxen. The gods were favoring him, for surely this would be the best corn field in the world. His bare feet could feel the warmth of the earth—a special warmth, not from the sun alone but coming upward from the ground underneath. Even on cold spring nights the ground in this field felt warm. It must be that the gods were heating it, so that he could grow much corn to feed his family.

Suddenly his eyes widened and he stopped his plow. Ahead he saw a wisp of steam coming from a crack in the ground! The crack widened as he watched, and more steam poured forth. He looked around. From several other spots spurts of steam were rising. Surely, Juan thought, the gods were overdoing this heating business! An ominous rumble came from beneath the land at his feet, and the earth seemed to tremble. Forsaking his plow, Juan ran wildly toward his little house. Behind him in the corn field a great fissure had appeared, from which steam and dirt and stones shot high into the air.

Juan and his wife and children ran frantically toward the near-by village. They were met by panic-stricken villagers who had rushed out after feeling the earth tremors. Shaking with fear the crowd stood and watched the seething black column that rose thousands of feet high. They cowered as fresh explosions shook the earth, tossing glowing rocks and cinders into the air. A new volcano had been born—or, as Juan and the villagers expressed it, the gods had become exceedingly angry.

Relaxed in billows of soft cloud, Kid Eternity was drowsing in the warm spring sunshine. The gentle breeze that brushed his cheek seemed to bring the scent of newly-blossomed fruit trees. In the throes of spring fever, he was content for once to let Mr. Keeper direct their course; and Mr. Keeper had selected for their afternoon siesta, one of the most undisturbed spots in the world.

"Away from the ocean," Mr. Keeper had said firmly, "so we won't see any ships in distress or planes forced down. Away from the cities, so we won't have to stop any crime waves."

So now they floated tranquilly over this primitive spot in southwestern Mexico. Even if they drifted over a wide area, there would be no one below them but a handful of peaceful Mexican peasants. For once he could finish his nap in peace, thought Mr. Keeper.

Kid Eternity sat up, wide awake. Following a thunderous explosion, an air blast had violently rocked his cloud. He felt hot air rush upward, and smelt sulphurous fumes. He bent to look over the cloud edge, then ducked back instinctively as a red hot chunk of rock came hurtling upwards.

"Mr. Keeper!" he called. "Look below!"

Another explosion was heard, and as Mr. Keeper's cloud rocked violently he gave up trying to pretend that nothing was happening. "What now?" he inquired, in a resigned tone of voice.

Together he and Kid Eternity looked down at the weird sight. They could see the great hole in the earth from which red hot rocks and cinders were leaping like flames, a thousand feet into the air. They could trace the path of the rocks as they fell back to earth again, already building a rising cone around the crater. Molten lava was bubbling inside and pushing its way out from the hidden depths of the earth, and in a matter of minutes it had covered many feet of land. The air was dense with smoke and ash that made breathing difficult.

"An impressive sight," Mr. Keeper admitted, "but now we'd best be getting away to a more comfortable spot."

"Wait!" called the Kid. "Look over there!"

He pointed by the village, so obscured by

HIT COMICS

the cloud of smoke that it had been unnoticed before. In the open square, all the inhabitants had gathered. They knelt, huddled together, facing toward the awful sight of the new volcano.

"Why don't they get going?" the Kid asked. From where he and Mr. Keeper watched, it was plain to see that the village would soon be engulfed by the lava flow; but the villagers showed no signs of leaving.

"I'm going down to see what's keeping them," Kid Eternity said. "Come along."

The Kid swooped earthward, swerving to avoid the hot gases, while Mr. Keeper followed, muttering hopes about returning soon to their nice, quiet cloud. Invisible, the two stood near the people, listening to their conversation; but they quickly discovered that the mixture of Indian and Spanish spoken was unintelligible to them. The peons wept and shivered as they watched the terrifying spectacle. The lava flow was now visible from the village, inching forward squarely toward it, boiling and smoking as it came. But still the people made no preparations to depart.

"Something has to be done!" Kid Eternity exclaimed. He thought for a moment, and then utilized his strange power to call people from out of the past.

"Eternity!" he cried, at that instant becoming visible. And suddenly beside him appeared a strange figure, powerful of limb and bronze of skin, carrying the great hammer of a blacksmith.

"Who calls Vulcan, blacksmith of the Gods?"

"It is I, Kid Eternity," answered the kid. "Volcanos are named for you, Vulcan, and the ancients called them the chimneys of your forge. Can you stop this eruption, which is threatening to wipe out this little village?"

"Alas," Vulcan said, "I'd like to help you, Kid . . . but even my power cannot stop the eruption of a volcano. The people must leave, get out of its path."

"But they won't leave," the Kid explained. "I'll have to think of something else fast . . .

the lava is nearly upon them. Thanks for coming, Vulcan, and now you may return to . . . Eternity!"

Vulcan disappeared again, and the Kid thought hard. Whom could he call from the past to help these people? Then his face lighted. "Eternity," he said once more. There was a puff of smoke, and another figure appeared beside him. Keen-eyed, hawk-nosed, the man was dressed in the plated armor of the Conquistadors.

"Cortes!" exclaimed the Kid. "Quick! Can you speak to these poor people, discover why they remain in danger and persuade them to leave?"

Cortes the Conquerer looked at the kneeling people and at the threatening wall of lava. "They hated me once," he mused, "because I conquered their land for Spain. Perhaps now I may help them instead of threatening them."

The kneeling people had been too engrossed in their fear to observe Kid Eternity and his activities. But now as the imposing armored figure of Cortes stepped forward, they looked up. As he raised his hand, their cries quieted and they listened while he spoke rapidly in their dialect. One of them came forward when Cortes beckoned, and answered his questions. Then Cortes spoke again, in a ringing voice of command.

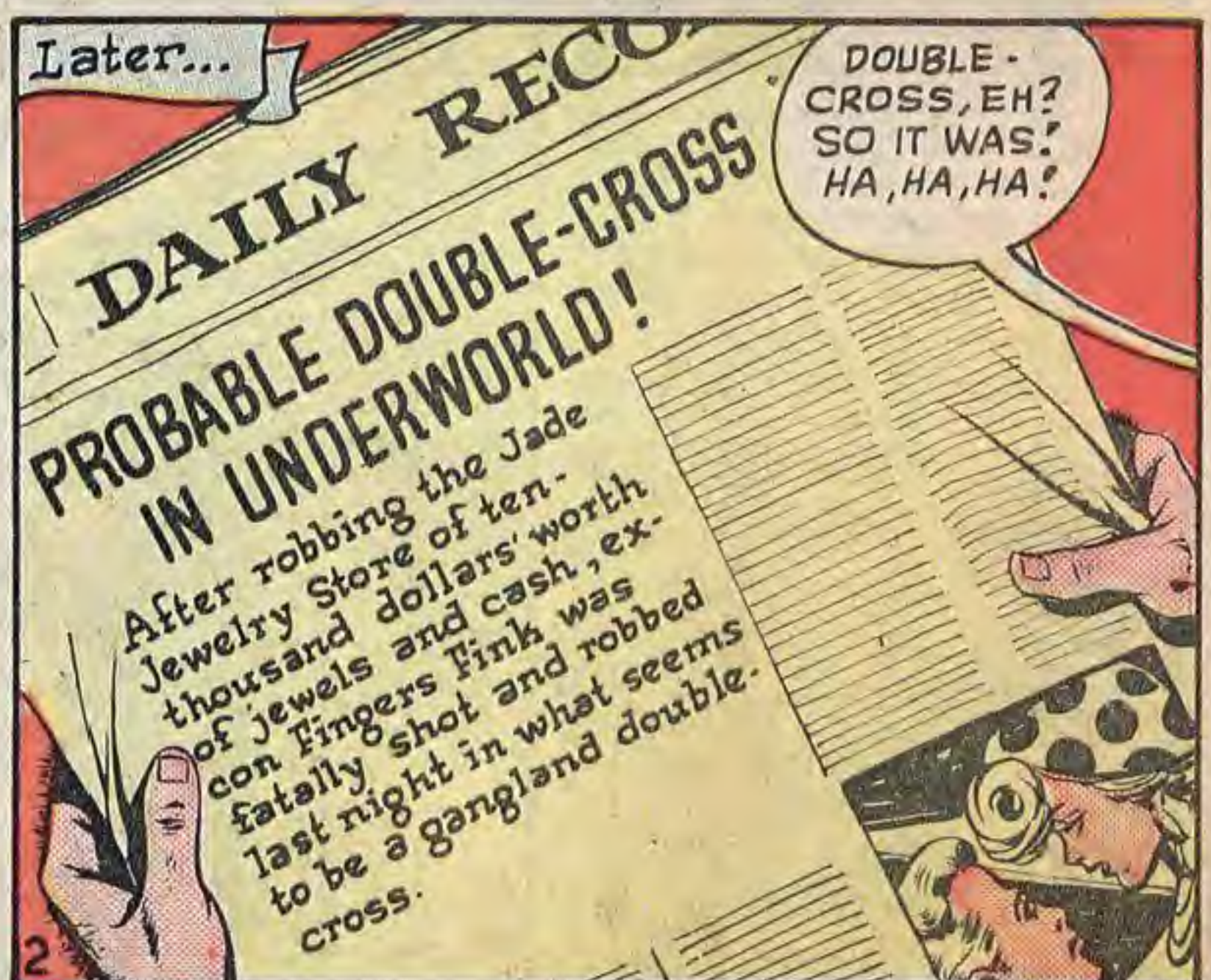
As he finished, a sigh arose from the people. Climbing hastily to their feet, casting one last look at their little village, they started away on the path to safety just as the wall of lava moved crushingly against the first of the houses.

"They were afraid of their gods," Cortes explained to the Kid and Mr. Keeper. "They thought the volcanic eruption was an expression of the gods' wrath and that they had been chosen as sacrifices and must stay here to be buried. I convinced them that I was a messenger from the gods, and when I ordered them to leave they were only too happy to do so!"

"They'll lose their possessions, but they'll save their lives!" said the Kid. "And as for the three of us, we'd better be leaving, too. For us, it's back to . . . Eternity!"

Betty Bates

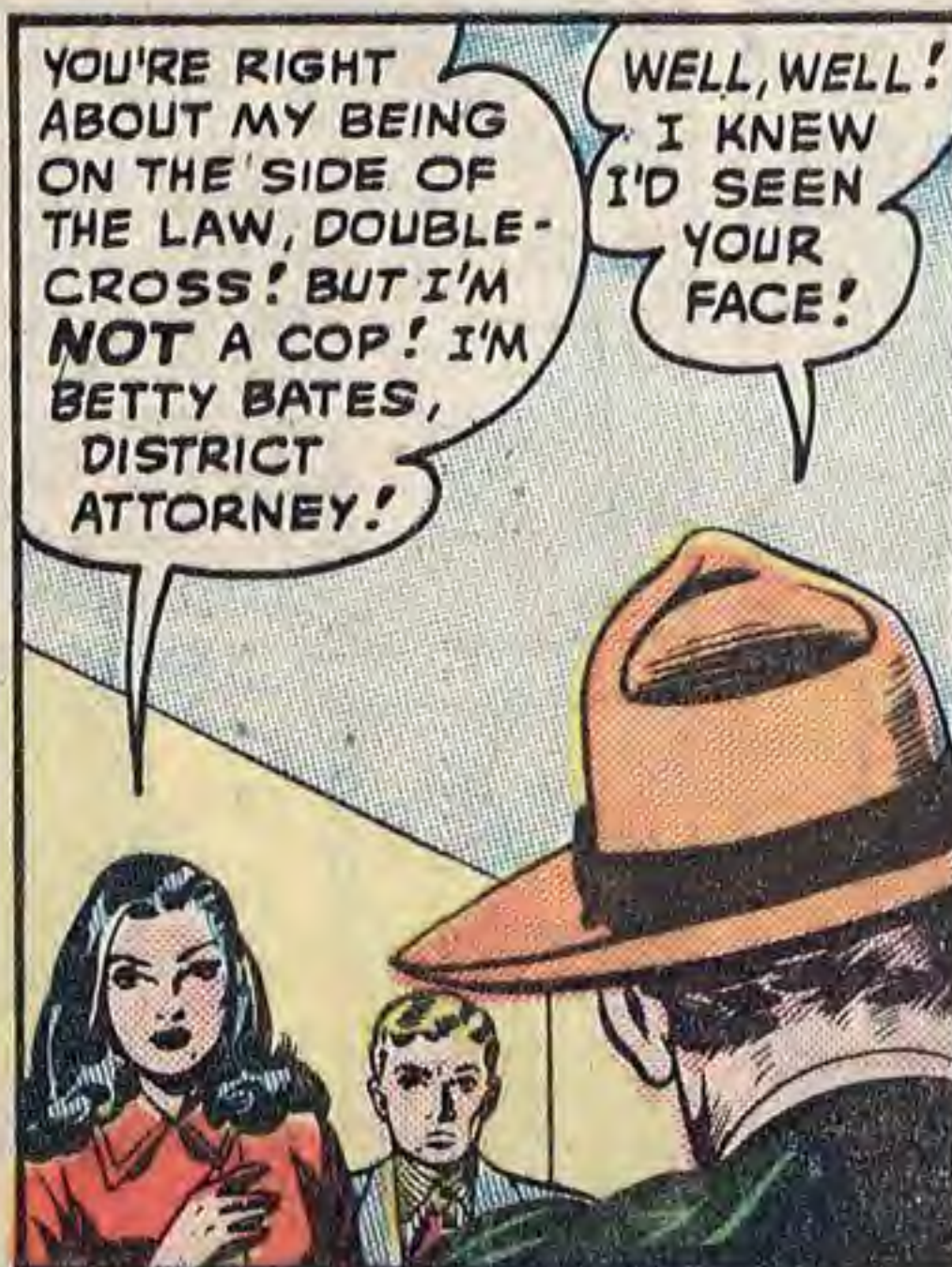






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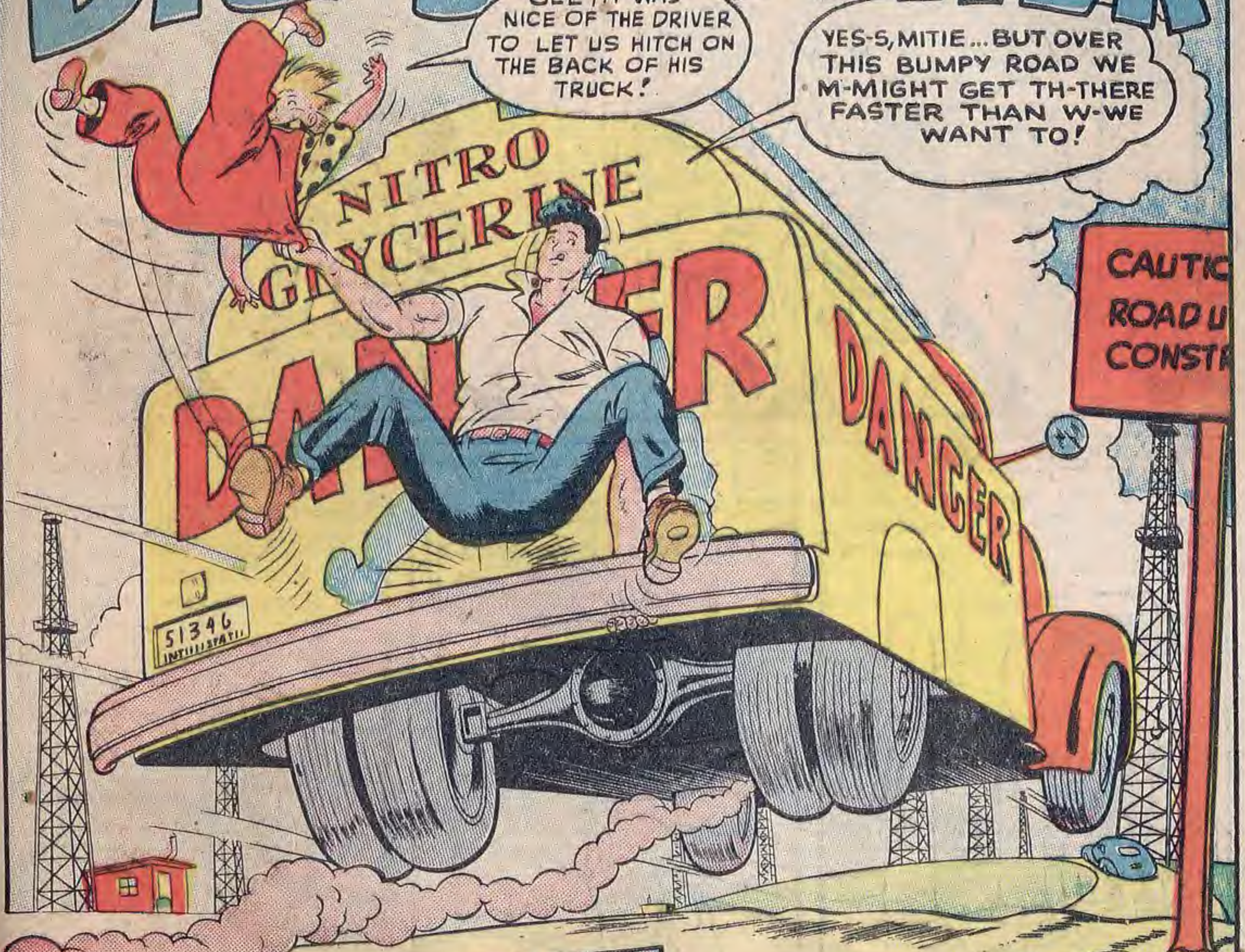




BIG BROTHER

GEE, IT WAS NICE OF THE DRIVER TO LET US HITCH ON THE BACK OF HIS TRUCK!

YES-S, MITIE... BUT OVER THIS BUMPY ROAD WE M-MIGHT GET TH-THERE FASTER THAN W-WE WANT TO!

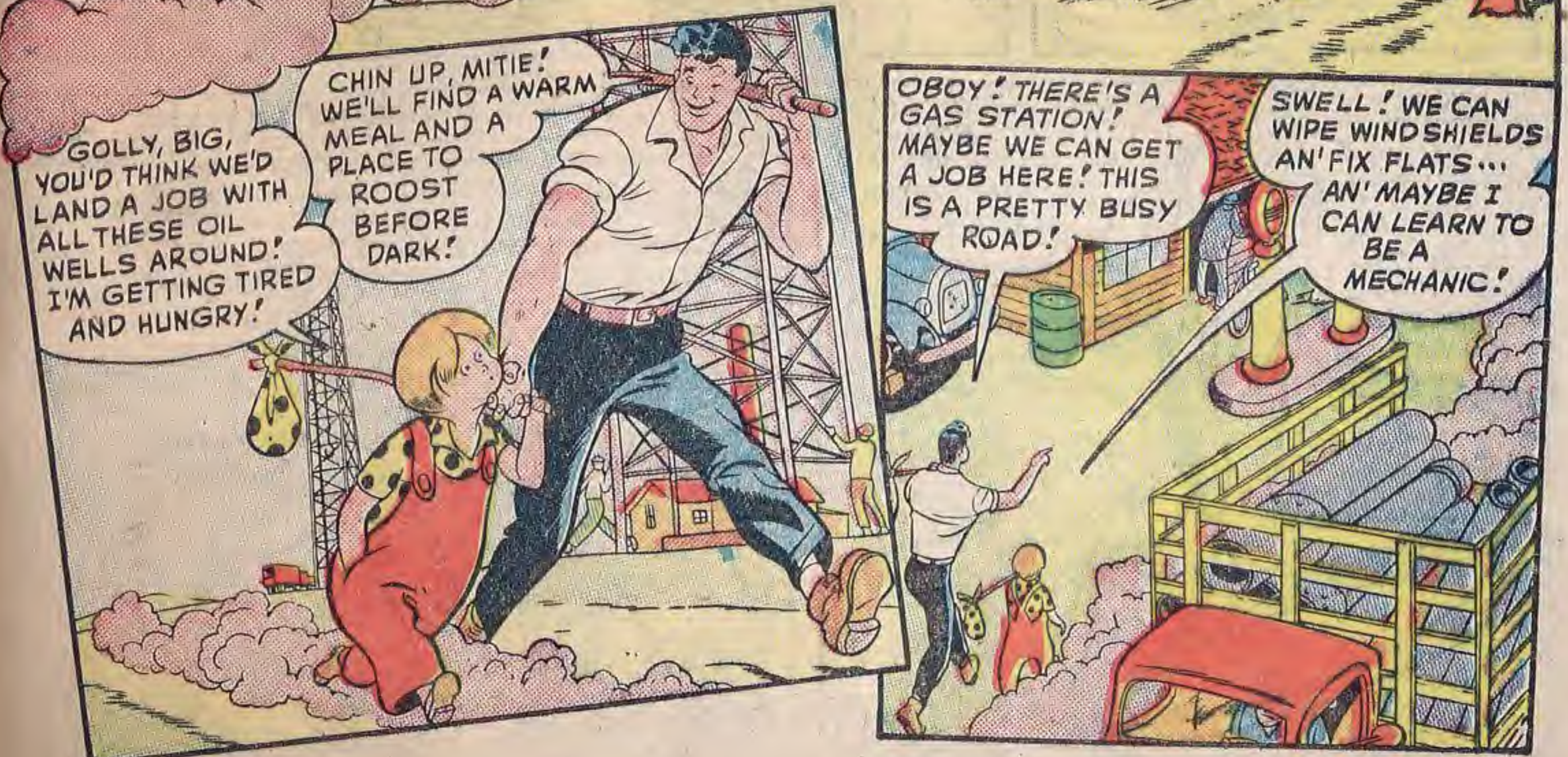


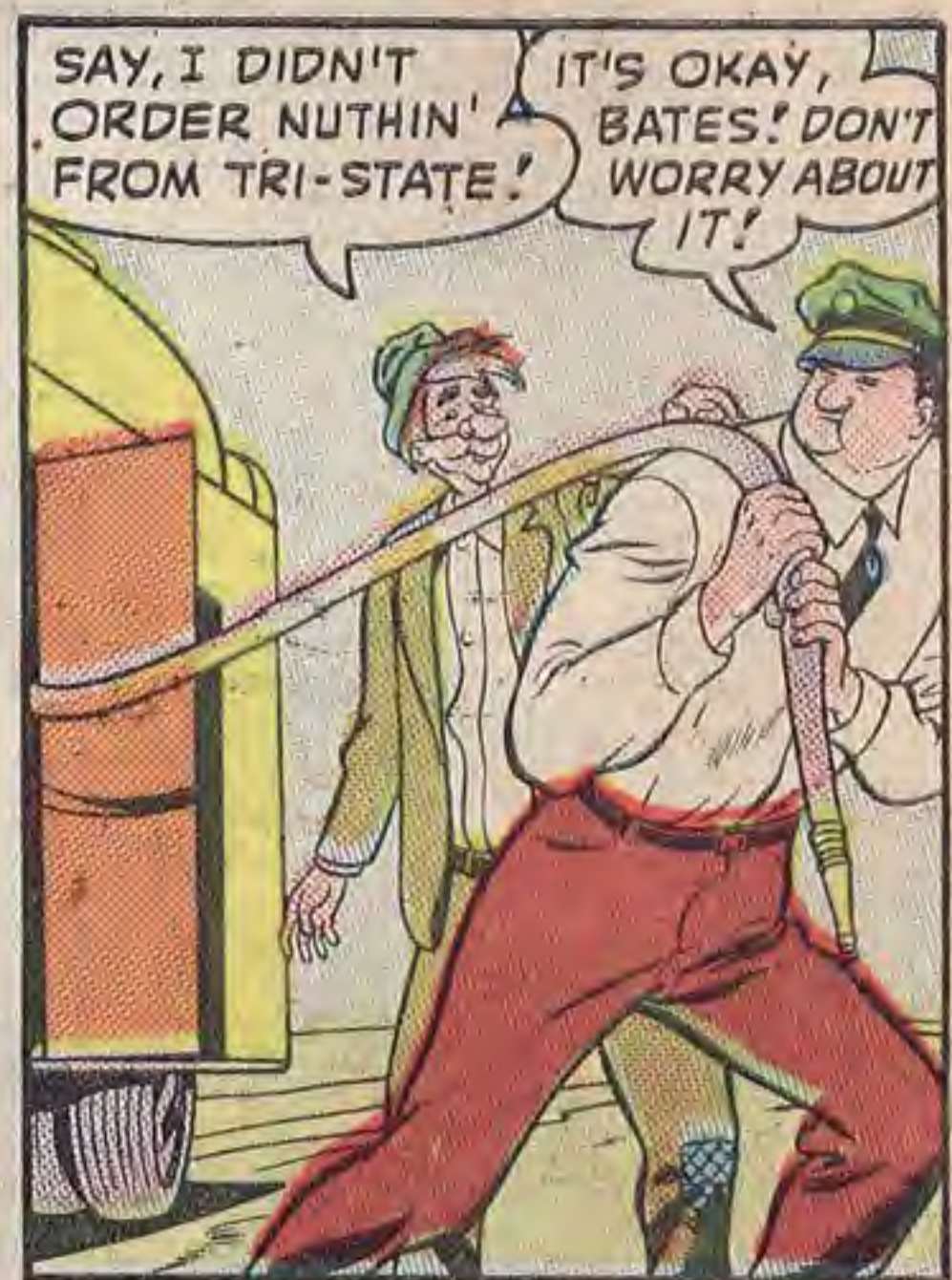
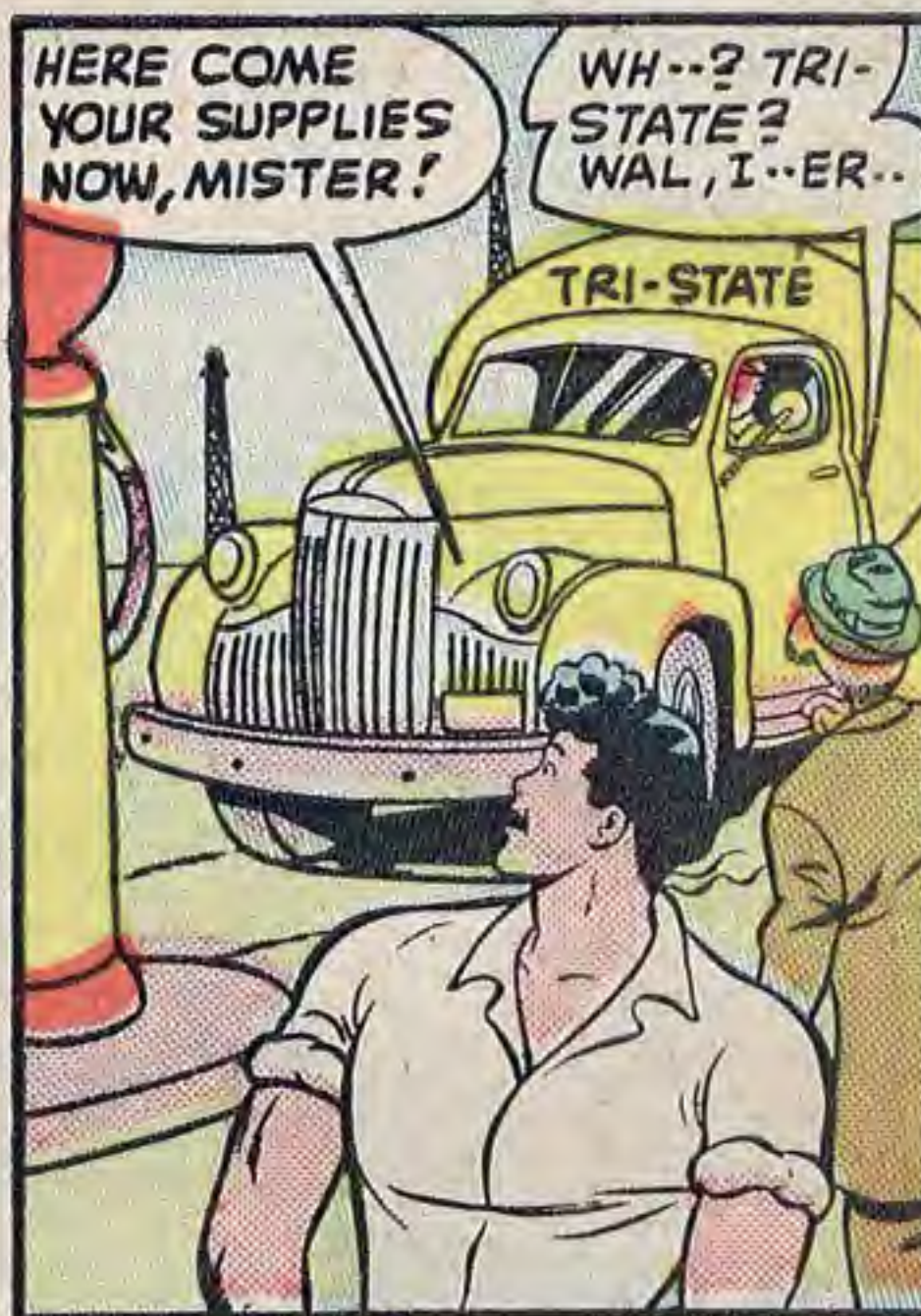
GOLLY, BIG, YOU'D THINK WE'D LAND A JOB WITH ALL THESE OIL WELLS AROUND! I'M GETTING TIRED AND HUNGRY!

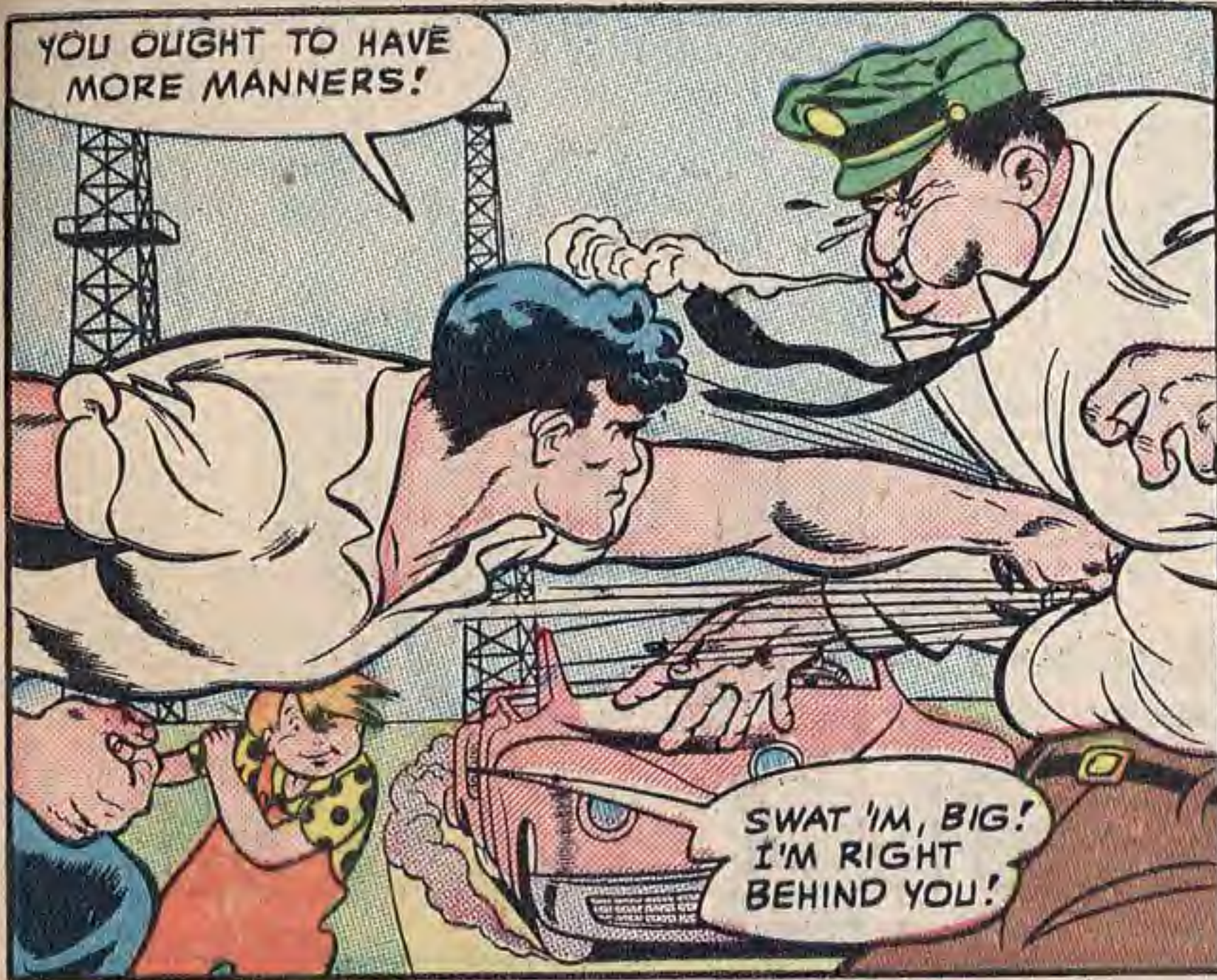
CHIN UP, MITIE! WE'LL FIND A WARM MEAL AND A PLACE TO ROOST BEFORE DARK!

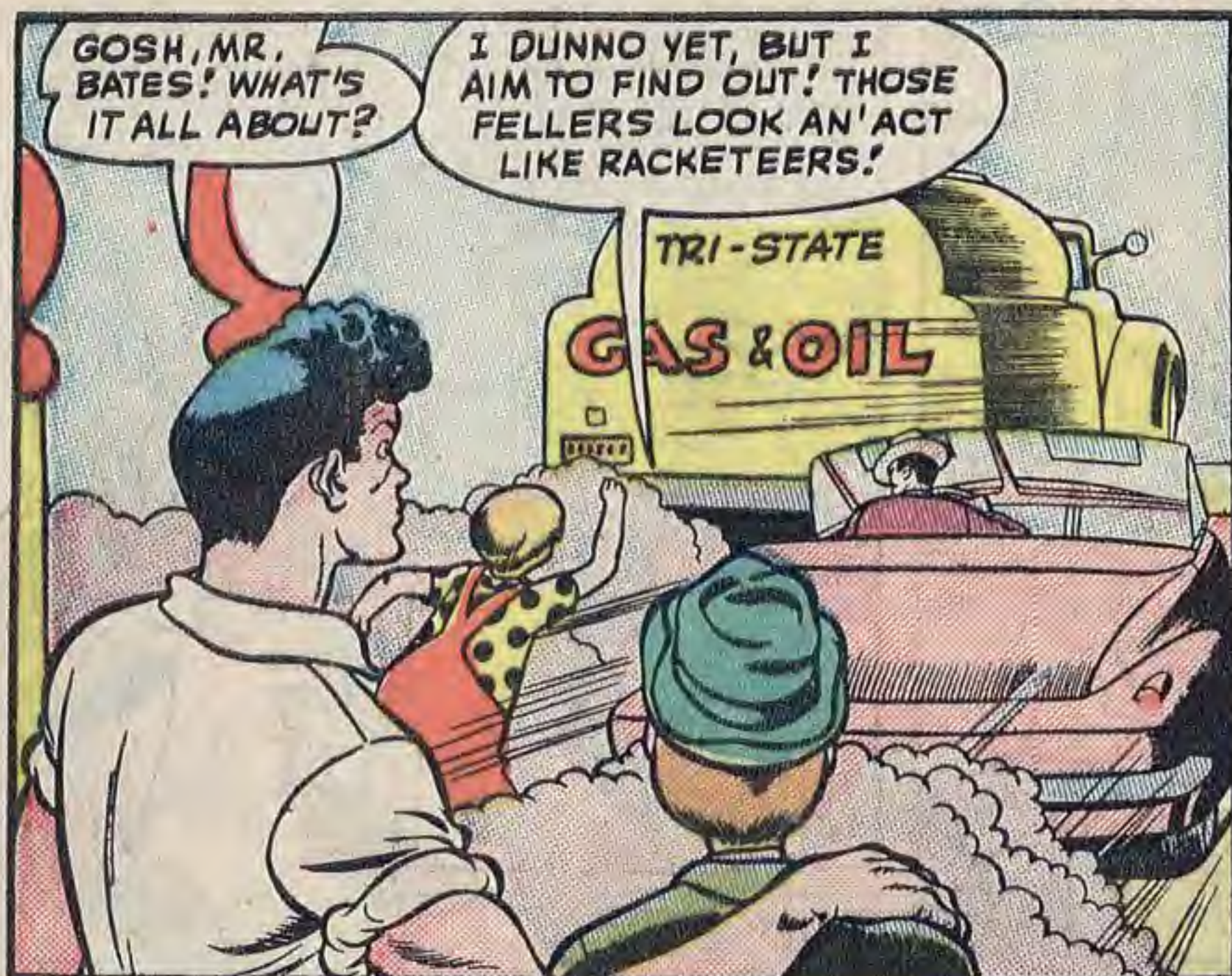
OBOY! THERE'S A GAS STATION! MAYBE WE CAN GET A JOB HERE! THIS IS A PRETTY BUSY ROAD!

SWELL! WE CAN WIPE WINDSHIELDS AN' FIX FLATS... AN' MAYBE I CAN LEARN TO BE A MECHANIC!











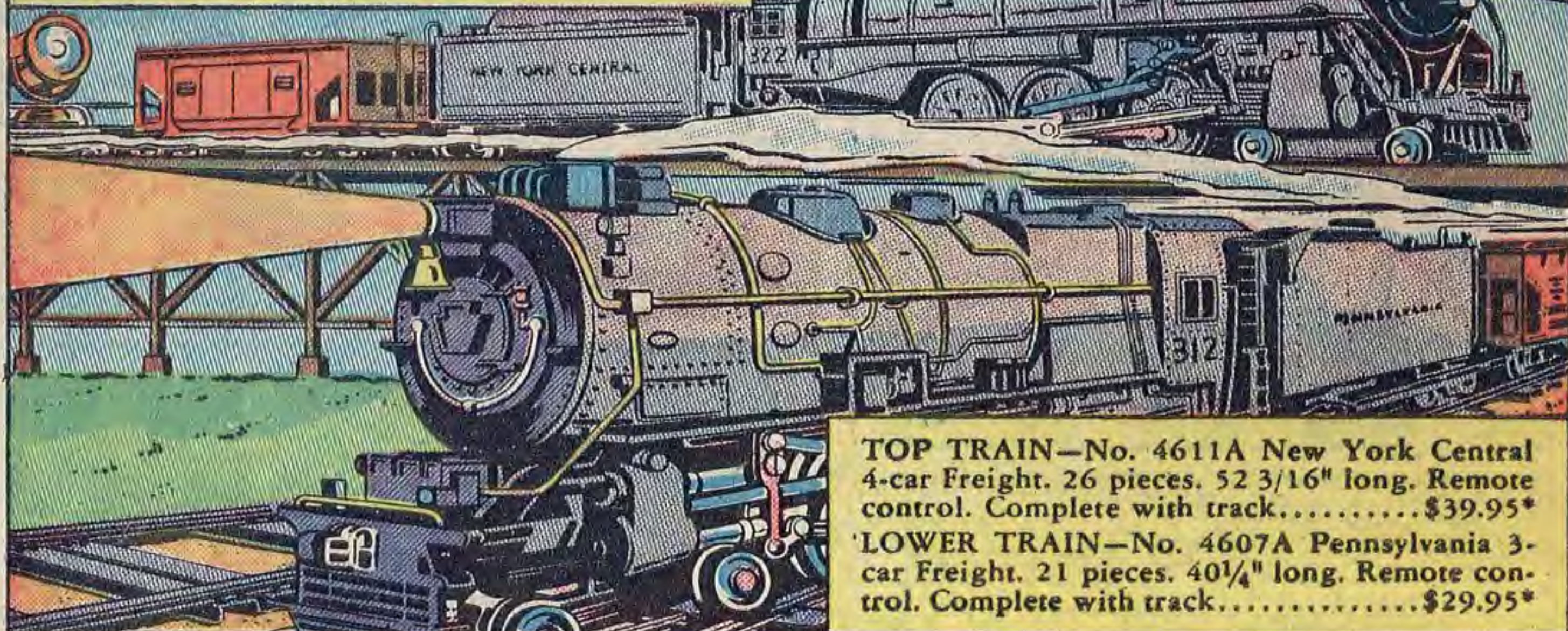
AMERICAN FLYER

Developed at the GILBERT HALL OF SCIENCE

WATCH
'EM PUFF
SMOKE!

HEAR 'EM
CHOO-CHOO

Only American Flyer has real smoke and realistic "choo-choo" sounds synchronized with train speed. The faster your train goes, the heavier are the puffs of smoke... the louder and faster the "choo-choos."



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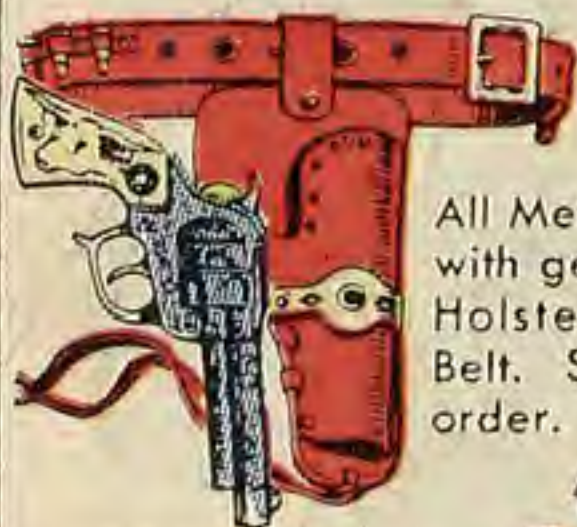
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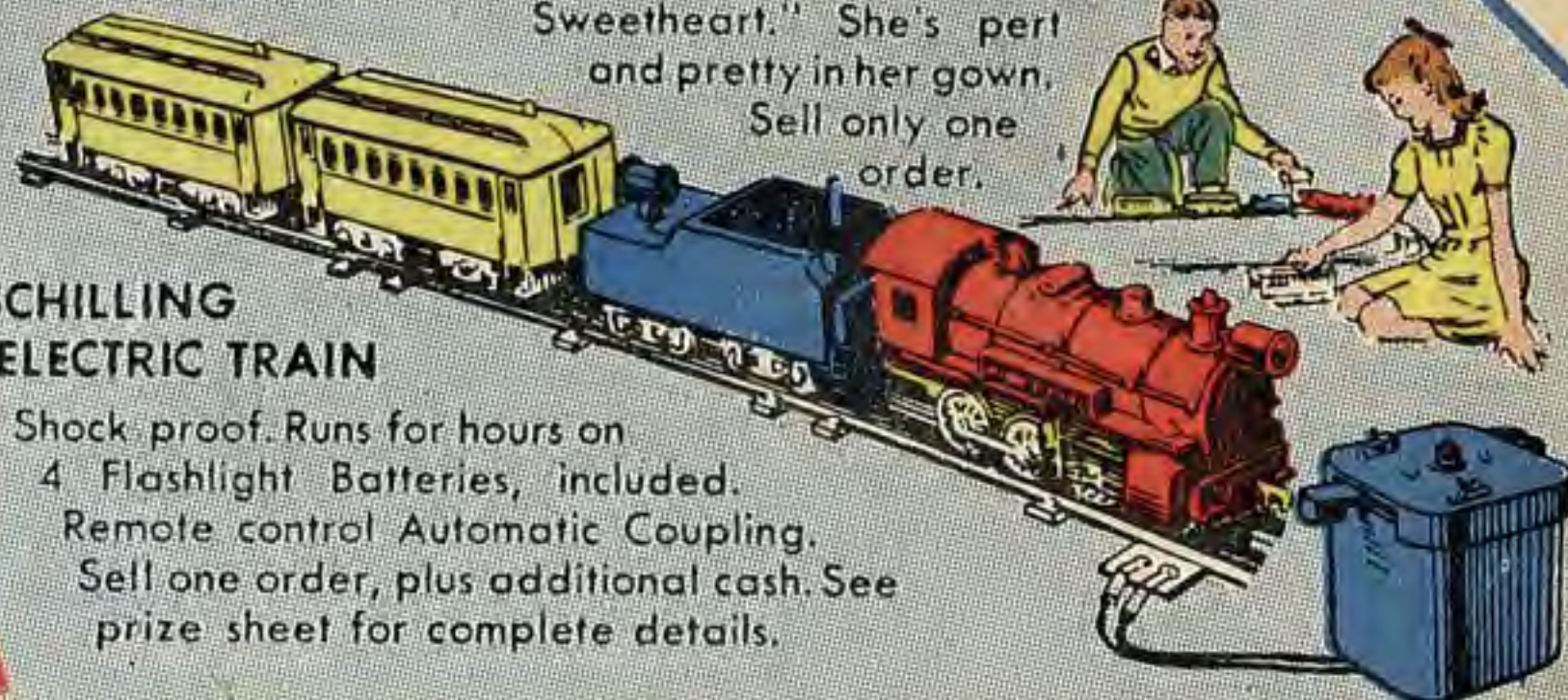
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